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Original Poetry.

TO MISS S. B.,
OF BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Thou maiden bright and beautiful! my thoughts are still of thee,
And memories of the pleasant past are thronging back to me.
One image dwells within my heart, that has no other known,—
The sweetest hope of future years,—fair maiden, 'tis thine own!

Thou maiden bright and beautiful! would I could see thee now!
The rose tint on thy damask cheek—the lily on thy brow—
The smiles which mantling o'er thy face like light on ivory show,
Have made my heart beat quick and high to win their kindling glow.

Ah, distant wonders! a potent spell is keep to thee apart!
But stronger far must be that spell which keeps from thee my heart,—
And potent, too, must be that power which keeps me long from thee,—
That fairest image of my heart, most beautiful S. B.

I know a promise that is such once from a maiden won—
Else, boy, was beautiful as light, fair flow'ret of the wood—
It was that she should think of me as he would think of her.—

And oh, what dreams of future joy that thought in him would stir.

They parted, but in music for him from her he could not part,
But all unknown to her, perhaps, he left with her his heart.

With her, to whom when far away that heart's best hopes would cling,
And the memories of that promise were fresh happiness would bring.

But did she think upon the hope that she had given him while afar,
Remembering that she was to him like a bright and radiant star?

Or did it need the poet's pen to make with seraph spell,
Forgotten memories of the past?—fair maiden, prithee tell.

Philadelphia, Sept., 1847. FITZ JAMES.

THE EMIGRANT LOVER'S SONG.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY EMERSON BENNETT.

Come with me to my cot in the far green wood,
By a streamlet that laughs in tumultuous mood,
Where the gay deer sport, and the merry birds sing
And the free heart bounds like a gladsome thing.

Come! come with me to my cot, come with me, love, come,
Away from the world, and its busy hum,
And the hollow of heart, and the dazzling snare,
And the wiles of crime, and the wail of woe.

Come with me to my cot, where will greet thee our
Such a welcome alone as those who love can know,
Where the glance can speak to the eye and gaze—respond,
On the sweetest spot the eye ever found.

And the vile shall pass like a monster shriven
Mid the mery spell of Love's magic power,
And thy lips shall murmur in praise of the spot,
And the hour them went bright of my wayward lot.

Original Tales.

NEVER TOO LATE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY KATE SUTHERLAND.

Ah! that I could be heard by all oppressed, bereaved souls! I would say to them—Lift up your head, and trouble not the future, and believe that it is never too late.'—Miss Bremer.

"Have faith in time, dear sister! Time is the great restorer—the healer of wounds—the dryer of tears. It is never too late to be happy, Edith."

"Time may exorcise our feelings. Time may throw over them the pall of insensibility. But is such a state to be desired? Do you call that happiness? Rather let my heart pulsate in agony until its last convulsive throe. I ask not this boon of them."

"Time has a higher mission than that, Edith. Time has a true healing power."

"But if so merely external, Agnes. Deep wounds of the spirit are not to be healed in time nor by time."

"They must be healed in time, sister, or ever healed at all. And this healing does not proceed from external to internal; but in true order, from intimate principles, by means of the most intimate, even until health reigns throughout the entire empire of the mind, proceeding, first, from what is interior, and filling all, even to what is lowest and external. Lift up, then, your head, dear sister! and have faith in time. Believe me, it is never too late."

Thus spoke Agnes May to her younger sister, who was passing through deep waters. Agnes, who was older by many years, uttered no idle words in what she said. She had, herself, been a sufferer, and had come out from the glowing crucible, purified by affliction. She, therefore, could have faith in time. She knew that it was never too late to be happy. That time was the healer of wounds, the dryer of tears, the great restorer."

But Edith, poor suffering Edith! could not believe that time had power to dry her tears. Their fountain was in her heart, and she felt that the spring was unfailing.

Agnes was older than her sister by more than ten years. They had been separated early in life, in consequence of the death of their parents. Agnes found a home with a widowed aunt in moderate circumstances, and Edith, who was a beautiful child, was adopted by her uncle on the father's side, and raised by him with affectionate care.

During the ten or fifteen years that first elapsed after the death of their parents, Agnes and Edith met but seldom. They moved in different circles—one, as she emerged into womanhood amid the gay scenes of fashionable life; the other in a quiet, unobtrusive, humble sphere. Each had her peculiar experiences.

The aunt with whom Agnes found a home, had passed through many troubles, but out of them all she had come, better and wiser for her trials. Many lessons of wisdom were imparted to her niece, and, by example as well as precept, she led the opening and maturing mind of Agnes to perceive the true beauty and excellence of a patient, hopeful spirit, even under the darkest aspect of human affairs.

At the age of twenty-three, Agnes met with the severest trial a young heart ever endures, in the faithlessness of one into whose keeping she had entrusted her first and best affections. Many days of darkness succeeded, and she had little hope of ever seeing the clouds that hung over her so thickly disperse. A few years later, and while there was still a deep shadow upon her spirit, the best friend she had known since her mother's death, was removed by a like affliction. Her aunt changed her earthly for a Heavenly existence, and left her friendless, so far as all the means of support were concerned. Her uncle, Mr. Greenleaf, with whom Edith had found a home, so far from taking any interest in Agnes, had always felt a prejudice against her, and discouraged all intercourse between the sisters. The consequence was, they seldom met—so far as Edith did, no notice was taken of her by Mr. Greenleaf. Edith visited her but a few times, and sincerely condoled with her in her affliction.

But there was little sympathy between the sisters—and their intercourse soon became as formal as before. It was a matter of self-respect on the part of Agnes, and had been so for some years, not to visit at her uncle's house. She, therefore, never saw Edith, unless by special visit from the latter; and as these visits were never very frequent, and always characterized by reserve, they rather separated from each other than drew together.

In order to sustain herself, Agnes, who had received from her aunt the advantages of a good education, sought employment as a music teacher.—Her taste and ability soon procured her many scholars, and introduced her into families of wealth and fashion. This fact soon became known to Edith, greatly to her astonishment and mortification.

She had called, one morning, upon a fashionable acquaintance, and was sitting in the parlor waiting for her to come down, when Agnes came into the room, accompanied by two young ladies, sisters of her friend. They proceeded to the piano, Agnes not noticing the presence of her sister. Her business there was soon no problem to the mind of Edith. It was the first intimation she had received of the fact that Agnes had become a music teacher, and her chagrin at finding her in the family of one of her fashionable acquaintances, may well be imagined.

In a little while, Edith was joined by her friend. They withdrew into the next parlor, and closed the folding doors, the friend remarking, as they did so—

"The girls are taking their music lesson this morning, so we will go in here and be by ourselves."

There was nothing in the way this was said, which left Edith to infer that Agnes was known as her sister. But that the fact would become known, she felt to be inevitable. She did not stay long, and when she left the house of her friend, returned immediately home, and made known the mortifying fact she had encountered.

"Impossible!" said Mr. Greenleaf.

"Impossible!" echoed the aunt.

"It is too true. I saw her with my own eyes," returned Edith, weeping with mortification.

"It must not be permitted," said Mr. Greenleaf.

"You must go and see her, Edith, and tell her, that if she is under the necessity of doing this for a support, I will pay her handsomely."

"I am afraid it will be of no use, uncle," returned Edith. "Agnes is proud, spirited, and independent. She will not accept your kindness."

"Not accept it!"

"I fear not."

"Yes she will. Giving music lessons cannot be so very pleasant an occupation that she will prefer it to ease and comfort at home. See her at any rate."

"I will, and use my best efforts to induce her to abandon what she is doing."

Edith called upon her sister, and made known the object of her visit, with her uncle's proposition.

"Tell Uncle Greenleaf," Agnes replied, promptly, yet with great composure, "that I am obliged to him for his offer, but cannot accept it."

"He will be much displeased if you do not," said Edith.

"My mission is not to please upon the score of obedience."

"But something is due from you to his social standing. How will it look for you, his niece, to be employed as music teacher in families where we visit on terms of intimacy? Think of that, Agnes!"

The sister looked into the fair young face of Edith, at first with a rising emotion of anger. But this she quickly stifled, and, in a low, quiet, yet firm voice, replied—

"Tell your uncle to forget that he has a niece named Agnes."

"Agnes——"

"Sister! let me once, and for all, tell you that I am not to be influenced by any considerations that you or Uncle Greenleaf can offer. I do not wish to trouble you in any way, and will not do so, intentionally. But it is my duty to use the ability I have for my own support."

"But uncle offers——"

"I will not accept his offer!" Agnes replied, with an expression of indignant impatience that she could not suppress. "What claim have I upon him? Shall I sit down, meanly, and fold my hands, as an idle pensioner upon his pride? It is useless to talk to me in this way, Edith. I am not to be moved from the doing of what my conscience tells me is right."

Edith went back and reported the result of her interview, much to the chagrin of Mr. Greenleaf, who felt angry at the independent girl. No further attempt was made to influence her, but she was never recognized by her sister when they chanced to meet at the houses of her fashionable acquaintances, among whom it happened that most of her lessons were given. Her relationship to Edith, however, was generally well known, and the fact made varied impressions, according to the modes of thinking and feeling of those who heard it.

It was something of a trial for Agnes to meet her sister and be passed by her as a stranger; but her mind, rising by the pain it had suffered, was coming into a clear region, and she was able to excuse, to some extent, the conduct of one who had been nurtured in a sickly atmosphere, and among those who had false views of life.

In the course of a year or two, the more than common ability possessed by Agnes procured her extensive employment in her profession, and gave her an income that exceeded her wants. But this did not cause her to relax her efforts. She had seen more of life during that time than she had ever before seen, and had learned to think in a higher and clearer region of the mind. The necessity to do something for a subsistence, forced her out into the world to use the skill and knowledge she possessed, at a time when she was sinking, half-paralized by affliction, and suffering keenly the pangs of a wounded spirit. In doing what she felt to be her duty, her mind had been sustained to a degree that filled her with surprise when she reflected upon it. Her thoughts flowed in a healthier channel, and her heart beat with a more even and a calmer motion. There were many who pitied her lonely condition, and sympathized with her in the necessity that required her to devote herself so steadily to her profession; but, in most cases, she was happier than those who felt compassion for her lot. Thus, as time progressed, the mind of Agnes became elevated, purified and filled with a religious trust.

Scarcely had the heart of Edith unfolded itself in the warm springtime of young womanhood, ere her sky became overcast. The worldly affairs of her uncle fell into disorder, and his family were compelled to take a lower place in society than the one they had occupied. This was a sad trial to the selfish pride of Edith. But a deeper grief erupted her.

The beauty of Edith, as well as her position, attracted many to her side, who sought to inspire her heart with more than a sentiment of friendship. Among the most favored of these, were a young man named Carson, and one named Percival. Both were unremitting in their attentions, but Carson first made her an offer of marriage, which was highly approved by her uncle and aunt. Had all the influences acting upon the young girl been equally balanced, Percival would have been the object of her choice. He was not so highly connected as Carson, nor were his external conditions and prospects in life so good. But there was a more manly impression in his character, and Edith felt that there was a more genuine warmth about his heart. But, the ardor with which Carson pressed his suit, seemed like the maiden's consent to [illegible] Edith [illegible] a few years afterwards Percival, unaware of what had taken place, declared the love that was in his heart, and received for answer that it was too late.

For some time after Edith had thus become advised of the fact that Percival was also a lover, she felt more than a passing regret that he had not told his love before. But, in a little while, this feeling subsided. The closer intercourse which a betrothment warranted, soon hid the impression Percival had made upon her heart.

Two months before the time appointed for the marriage to take place, Mr. Greenleaf's embarrassments became known in business circles. None was more astonished than Carson. None was more disturbed by the event than he. Edith was the adopted child of Mr. Greenleaf, and Mr. Greenleaf had been thought by every one to be a man of very considerable wealth. His niece would come in, eventually, for a large share of this, and he, as the husband of the niece, would be the real possessor of all that she might receive.

Carson was hardly aware that such thoughts had passed through his mind, or in any way influenced his feelings for Edith, until the news of the wreck of Mr. Greenleaf's affairs reached his ears. Then his real motives were so clearly apparent to himself, that he felt a momentary disgust at his own cupidity. But the new circumstance that had transpired, altered so materially the whole aspect of affairs, that the question of fulfilling his engagement with Edith came up immediately for serious discussion. Long was the debate continued. The love he really felt for her, seconded by shame and pride, argued long for justice and right, but the voice of other and inordinately selfish considerations, was louder, and, in the end, it was deliberately determined to break the solemn contract that had been made. Pity for Edith was for a time felt; but that he called a weakness which must be overcome.

Very soon after the change in her uncle's circumstances had taken place, Edith noticed, with a thrill of alarm, that her lover's visits were fewer, and that his manner was not the same. She was not long kept in doubt; for, within a month of the time fixed for the wedding, Carson, under some pretence, met at all satisfactory to the mind of his betrothed, asked to have the marriage postponed.

Too well did Edith understand the meaning of this; for the very manner of her lover betrayed what was in his heart. Wounded pride inspired her with a momentary indignation, and enabled her to say, with a quivering lip, but flashing eye—

"Mr. Carson! You are free!"

The young man arose, bowed low, and hastily retired. They never met afterwards, except as strangers.

The reverses which had overtaken Mr. Greenleaf proved to be utterly disastrous. Within a year he was reduced to great extremity and died, leaving his wife and niece penniless and friendless.

Poor Edith! Into what a great deep of misery had she suddenly gone down. Two years had elapsed since her last meeting with her sister, to warm them she had never felt any real sympathy. Now her thoughts turned towards her from a kind of natural impulse, and she felt that it would be some relief to her wildly throbbing heart if she could lay her head upon her bosom, feel her hand upon her forehead, and hear her voice speaking some words of comfort. [illegible] sister, and she could not go to her now. But Agnes, so soon as she heard of her uncle's death, hastened to visit Edith. She found her mind in a sad state of despression. The detection of her lover had almost broken her heart, and rendered her desperate and impious in her affliction.

"Have faith in time, dear sister!" she said, as soon as she could begin to assume the office of comforter. "Time is the great restorer—the healer of wounds—the dryer of tears. It is never too late to be happy, Edith."

The answer of the poor sufferer to this has already been given. Edith could not confide in the future—she could not believe that "it is never too late." But, at each interview, Agnes steadily sought to inspire her with confidence in the future.

"Our life," she would sometimes say, "is not made up of disjointed, unharmonious portions. An affliction is not a thing isolated as it were from every thing else, and having no bearing upon the whole development and perfection of our characters. Far from it, my sister! There is no circumstance of our lives that is not one in a chain of circumstances all looking to one glorification and consequent happiness. We must wait patiently, taking care to do our duty in the present, for the final result. Believe me, sister, that this is true, and take hope. I have proved that it is so. I have passed through deep waters, as deep, perhaps, as those through which you are now passing; but they did not overwhelm my fainting, coward spirit."

The circumstances in which the death of Mr. Greenleaf left his widow and niece, were most trying. Already had they been reduced to extremity, and only subsisted upon a light salary which [illegible] get a client. His death cut off all income. Added to affliction, came, in excess, the appalling sense of destitution.

"What are we to do?" How are we to live?" were the ever recurring questions.

"You have health and ability, Edith," said Agnes to her one day. "The one will enable you to exercise the other. For you to sit idle, now, is wrong, and only increases your unhappiness. You have your aunt, to whom you are indebted for all the affection and care of a mother. Does not this love prompt you to do something in return for all you have received? Does not the education for which you are indebted to her and your uncle furnish you the means of supplying all your wants? It does, Edith."

These words of her sister caused the unhappy girl to burst into tears. They gave her to see clearly her duty, while she felt a most bitter reluctance to enter upon that duty. The bare thought of it caused a cold shiver to pass through her frame.

"What can I do?" she forced herself to ask.

"What have I done, Edith? What am I now doing?"

Edith's only reply was another gush of tears. To expose herself to families where she had once been on terms of equality and intimacy as a music teacher! No! No! She could not endure the thought for a moment. Agnes saw what was in her mind, and asked—

"Is there anything wrong in learning music, drawing, or the languages?"

"Certainly not," replied Edith, in a tone expressive of surprise at the question.

"If none in learning, what makes the wrong in teaching them, sister?"

"I did not say there was anything wrong in teaching them."

"Why, then, should you feel so distressed at the thought of becoming a teacher, when, thereby, you may have the means of supporting your aunt and yourself comfortably? Should not the kind suggestion of the thing fill you rather with joy than grief."

Edith last her head down upon the breast of her sister and abandoned herself to a fresh burst of feeling. After this had subsided, she lifted herself up, and looking earnestly into the face of Agnes, said—

"I cannot do it! Indeed I cannot!"

"Do not say that, Edith," returned Agnes, in a cheerful voice, smiling as she spoke. "Do not say that you cannot do what your own heart tells you is right?"

Edith remained silent.

"There is only one way to be happy in this life, sister," said Agnes. "Only one way to rise above the depressive power of grief—and that is in doing something. The old maxim who said, 'Work is worship,' might also have said—'work is happiness' for it is certain that with it some kind of labor, either of the head or hand, sensitive as he left to others, is the one to be happy. It is a truth that every one receives with reluctance, and yet it is one that nearly all have to practice either of choice or necessity. By a dispensation of Providence your aunt, who has been to you as a mother, is thrown upon your hands, deeply afflicted, for support. Can there be a question as to what it is your duty to do? Surely not? Can you hesitate under the false suggestions of pride? My sister has certainly not reflected. Be brave, be true-hearted, Edith. Look to what is right and do it, and you will be sustained. Can you for a moment regard the opinions of those who know you no longer after fortune ceased to smile?—who cared not for your personal quality, but only for your external condition? Look not back, sister. Let the past, with its history, be sealed up. But look forward to hope. Ask yourself, earnestly, before a small but neat house. what it is your duty to do, and that duty enter upon with a resolute spirit. Think of this, sister, and when I next see you, let me find you prepared to go forward, with a firm step, in the way that is now made plain before you."

What Agnes said, could not fail to have an effect upon the mind of her sister, seconded as it was by the peculiar nature of the circumstances by which she was surrounded. When Agnes called to see her again, she was better prepared to listen to her suggestions, and now the question as to what she could and ought to do, came up for consideration.

"I do not think I could give lessons in music with any success," she said.

"Good French teachers can always find employment. How are you in French?"

"I have been told by natives of France, that I speak it with great purity."

"Do you think you could teach it?"

"Yes."

"Very well. You need no longer despair. If a situation as French teacher in some school cannot be obtained, private classes may be formed."

But Edith could not see how this was to be done. She had arrived at the point of willingness to teach, if she could obtain employment. But how to get the employment passed her ability to comprehend. In Agnes, however, she had a ready prompter. Through her suggestions and influence, she was able to get the situation of French teacher in a newly established seminary for young ladies, with a salary of four hundred dollars a year. This was better for her than giving lessons in private families; and was not so great a trial to her feelings as that would have been.

In the purely disinterested conduct of Agnes open to the eyes of Miss Greenleaf to the genuine excellence of her character, she could not help expressing to her what she felt, and regretting that she had not long before rightly appreciated her. This expression touched the heart of Agnes in turn. Since the death of her aunt, she had felt the want of some one in whom she could confide—some one upon whom, in states of recurring weakness of spirit, she could lean. It did not take long for them all to understand each other better, and to draw closer together with reviving affection; the result of a more intimate knowledge between. In a little while, one home sufficed for them all—and Agnes contributed as freely of her earnings to the sustenance and comfort of that home, as her sister.

"I said it was never too late, Edith," [illegible] marked to her, some months after an arrangement, so agreeable to all, had been entered upon. This was said in the praise of a more than usually cheerful conversation.—"Time works wonders."

"It does. I never could have believed it possible for me to feel as I have felt for some weeks past. I cannot say that I feel happy. I never expect that. But I am not unhappy. And have great a gain this is, I need not say."

"It is never too late to be happy, Edith," replied Agnes. "And this I hope to have to-day you prove. Happiness, as I have often before said to you, comes from no external condition—but is the result of an internal, gradually progressing change, by which our minds, from disorder, are restored to order. The use of afflicting and disturbing circumstances, is to break up false and selfish states of mind, by the end that new and better ones may be formed. It is but just, then, to infer, that in the progress of time, external circumstances will conspire with internal changes, to give the spirit a higher degree of happiness than it ever did, or ever could know in former and more selfish states."

"I can understand you better than I did before, for I have a type of what you mean in the changes I have already experienced."

At the end of a year, Edith could speak with composure of the false-hearted Carson, and feel thankful that she had been saved from the miseries of a union with one who did not love her for herself alone. Time united the hearts of the three afflicted ones more and more closely together, until they ceased to think of bereavement and affliction.

"It is true as you said, Agnes. Time is the great restorer—the healer of wounds—the dryer of tears. I have been feeling and seeing the more and more clearly for a long time."

"And yet clearer and clearer will be its manifestation to your heart, Edith, I trust. The sudden storms that come in the spring-time of life, soon pass away. The darkening heavens fill us with alarm, and the forest wail and rain sometimes destroy the opening blossoms of hope and love. But the warmer airs of summer, and the gentle rains and refreshing dews, bring forth other blossoms, from which final ripens in the quiet and peaceful autumn."

"It is never too late," responded Edith, with a placid smile.

"No, sister, never too late!" And Agnes kissed, with some emotion, the fair young cheek of Edith.

A few days subsequent to this, Edith started to some home from the seminary where she was employed as a teacher, later than usual. The evening twilight had begun to fall. She had gone about half the distance, when a man accosted her rudely. She walked on more rapidly, and he followed close by her side. Frightened and confused, she started to run, when he caught her hand and held it tightly. An involuntary cry for help escaped her lips. At this instant a gentleman on the opposite side of the street, who had noticed the rudeness, came quickly over. At his approach the villain took to his heels and ran off.

"Miss May! Is it possible!" he exclaimed, so soon as he saw that it was Edith.

The frightened girl was panting so that she could not, for a few moments, articulate. As soon as she was able to speak, she said, in a trembling voice,

"Accept my thanks, Mr. Percival, for your protection."

"The scoundrel! If I could have got my hands on him!"

The young man spoke with a violently aroused indignation.

"Let me see you safely home," he added, offering an arm, which Edith took. He could feel her light hand tremble. For a short distance they walked along in silence.

"You are out rather late," the young man then remarked. He felt that it was necessary to say something.

"Yes," she replied, "later than usual. The days are short, and my class is large."

"You are teaching, then?"

"Yes. I give French lessons in Madame Mirlan's Seminary." Edith spoke without embarrassment.

"Indeed!"

For a short distance farther they again walked on in silence.

"Did your uncle leave nothing to his family when he died?" asked Percival.

"Nothing," replied Edith.

"And you are independent in your French by your own support?"

"And that of my aunt."

"Is it possible? I did not know this."

After another pause, the young man said—

"Do you not find your duties very fatiguing and irksome?"

"Not now."

"They were at first?"

"Yes. But I perform them cheerfully now."

"How is your aunt, Mrs. Greenleaf?"

"She is well."

"And cheerful as you are?"

"Yes. We have all learned the happy art of being content with our lot."

"Then you have learned more than is ordinarily learned in a whole lifetime."

As Percival said this, Edith paused. They stood before a small but neat house.

"This is our home," she said. "For your tireless protection and kindness in accompanying me, I sincerely thank you."

Percival took the maiden's hand in his as they were about separating. His ear had detected a slight quivering of her voice as she uttered the last sentence; and now he perceived a low tremor in her hand, that he still held in his own, while his eyes were fixed upon her face, but dimly seen in the deepening twilight. A few moments passed, and then the door of Edith's home closed between them, and Percival walked slowly away with his eyes cast upon the pavement.

The sleep of Edith that night was not so quiet and dreamless as it had been for months. In the morning, she came down with a slightly flushed cheek. Through the day she found it almost impossible to fix her mind upon the lessons it was her duty to impart, and when evening came, she felt a sense of relief in escaping from the crowded rooms. She was walking slowly towards home, with her eyes upon the ground, when she started suddenly at hearing her name pronounced by a well-remembered voice. She looked up, and met the eyes of Percival fixed earnestly upon her. A deep crimson suffused her face, and to his kind salutation she could not command her voice sufficiently to reply. The young man waited and walked by her side for some distance.

"It is more than two years, Edith, since I ventured to tell you what was in my heart, when I learned, much to my grief and disappointment, that I had pondered my suit not too late. No, let me not say too late, but too soon. There have been changes since then, Edith, but I have remained the same; and that hour my regard for you is higher and my love intenser than it was then, for I find that the fire through which you have passed has tried and proved you. I now renew the offer I then made—can you, will you accept it?"

Taken thus by surprise, the bewildered but happy girl scarcely knew how to reply. Though her face was partly turned away, Percival perceived that her bosom was heaving rapidly. Hurriedly, yet as clearly as she could think, did Edith reflect upon her position, and seek to determine how she ought to speak and act. At length, with a trembling voice, she said—

"You have spoken with so little disguise to me, that I feel bound to speak in return, as freely to you. Had your first offer been made before I ar-

[illegible] and I assured your intentions

Then you do not accept my suit now?"

"I would be false to my own heart were I to do so," was the maiden's frank reply.

A few months only elapsed before Edith was the happy mistress of the true heart and elegant home of her husband, Edgar Percival, and took her place once more in the higher social circles, with a companion equally worthy of the elevation in Agnes.

"It is never too late," significantly remarked Agnes, as she sat holding the hand of her sister, on the day succeeding her marriage.

"No, never too late. Time is the great restorer," answered Edith, while the tears of joy sprung to her eyes.

"The virtues, accomplishments and great moral worth of Agnes May, could not remain hidden in the more conspicuous place which she now occupied as the companion of her sister. One who could appreciate and love the qualities she possessed, because they corresponded to the excellencies of his own character, sought and won her regard.

"It is never too late," Edith said in turn, as she sat by the side of Agnes, built on hour after her sister had made her solemn marriage vow.

"No, never," was the calmly spoken answer.

Original Poetry.

KOSCIUSKO.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY NEMO.

[The fate of Tandeus Kosciusko is closely interwoven with history, and his life familiar to American readers. Kosciusko gave his heart, in early life, to a lady of Louisa Sosnowska—much her superior in rank, but with reciprocated love. When the progress of Louisa were made acquainted with the affair, their incendiary pride was excited; they became incensed, and [illegible] a confinement of his addresses. But the ardor of the lovers soon prompted a plan to escape from the anger of the parents. They eloped, but were overtaken by a party despatched in pursuit. Kosciusko, though of undaunted courage, still he was beaten to the earth. The Lady Louisa was carried back to her parents.

When after their home Kosciusko regained his [illegible] he learned secretly and desperately, to the nearest village, where one of his friends was quartered. Having with him his relic of his Louisa, of happier but ill-remembered, and a white handkerchief, which she had dropped in her agony. This token was never afterwards parted from his bosom even in the hottest battle—and death, some said, severed it part from him. He wrote [illegible] a second attachment to the following lines:]

To Louisa Poloski—Sosnowska—transported distant,
By feelings of a greedy bosom,
Where freemen fathers are their equals.
The proud young men, brought her exiled.
Yet beauty's wishes, and a mutual attraction
Could wear him from the bitter past.
The heart that once resided in another one
The bosom of your love can find
And nothing in the changing one
The mighty realm of time can bind
His answer—that on the white spot
He will, but keep in earthly cool grasp
That relic dear of her heart,
And what from him no time could tear
Death, death could never part!

Philadelphia, Sept., 1847.

A PARADOX.—A writer in the Baptist Register proposes the following enigma:—If a Mr. Randall is blessed with a son whose name is James Ezra, and is Mr. R. upon the death of Ezra's mother, marries the daughter of Mr. Alward, who a few years before had lost his wife, and who subsequently, by a second wife, is blessed with a daughter that is named Mary, but who lives not long to lament the early death of her first daughter, Mrs. Randall, to enjoy the society of her companion and daughter Mary, and of, after the death, Mr. Randall takes for his third wife the widow of the late James Ezra, from the first alliance, thus we have taken to describe the spot, he stood with his agitated lover at the mouth of the black and gaping chasm, from which distinctly ascended the hoarse bellowing of the vexed torrent far below, as it rushed through the concealed outlet to the sea. A stout rope secured round his middle, the young man let himself cautiously over the edge, the remainder of the rope being wound round the trunk of a tree, which Edith herself bore. [illegible] gave the preliminary jerking of safety, and in a few moments the figure of a well-known companion [illegible] the [illegible] of the cliff. Edith [illegible] the [illegible] of the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1847.

TERMS.

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As the Post Office regulation relative to Drafts, has been repealed, subscribers will have to resort to the old mode of forwarding current funds direct to us. Subscriptions may be sent at our risk.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Dahlia.—"The Dream" is accepted—it is finely written, though on the piteousness subject in the world. "Luther at Worms" we think will appear—though we are not positive. Cannot "Dahlia" write shorter poems?

Rachel.—"The Haymaker" and another poem by the same author. Please look under this head about the middle of future examinations.

Dunlevie.—"The Storm at Sea."

DO SNAKES HISS?

We have received several communications upon the affirmative of the question, "Do snakes hiss?" but we think it useless at present to publish any more of them. Notwithstanding "Iowa's" article on "old errors," in another column, we regard the question as settled by the testimony of numerous witnesses, that *some* do hiss.

ADVERSITY.

Kate Sutherland's tale on our first page, is on the finest morals of which we particularly approve. "It is never too late," is a motto which all young persons should adopt upon entering the crowded stage of active life—never too late for the amendment of bad habits, for repentance of evil courses, for the retrieving of pecuniary misfortunes, for new scenes and ties of happiness, or, if it be too late for happiness, it is never too late for christian blessedness.

It is too much the custom to look upon pecuniary losses, and the sickness or death of relatives and friends, as mere misfortunes, without properly appreciating the blessings which generally flow from such seeming adversities. And though we are aware it has grown into a proverb that "Affections are but blessings in disguise," still it is one of those proverbs which pass lightly through the lips of the speaker, and as lightly fall on the ear of the hearer, without having preserved from us been taken into the deep recesses of the heart. But that the proverb is worthy of full and genuine belief is a more speculative theory, but as a practical truth, is susceptible, we think, of clear demonstration.

This, in all our inquiries into subjects of this character, we must keep in distinct view the true object and purpose of life, which is the growth, enlightenment and perfecting of the soul. And in contrasting the states of two men, one of whom has lived and died in affluence and surrounded by affectionate relatives and friends, and the other of whom has been exposed to even more than the usual fortune of life, both in respect to friends and to fortune; we should not hesitate to pronounce the latter the happiest man, if it could be satisfactorily shown, (which perhaps it never can be to mere finite comprehension,) that his soul had learned more wisdom, more knowledge, and had progressed more rapidly in the midst of his sorrows and privations, than the other and prosperous man in the midst of his unmarred prosperity. For, in the same spirit in which it was said formerly, "What profiteth it that a man should gain the whole world, if he lose his own soul?" we may say, And what profiteth it that a man should lose the whole world, if he lose not his own soul? The loss of the spiritual understanding, confuse the quick sense of right and wrong, weaken even the value of earthly practical force and skill of the mind and thus prove fatal to the healthy growth and true onward progress of the immortal part of man!

Take for instance the case of a young man born of large estate, he may even be brought up well in the sense in man not into rant and dissipation, he may marry a wife and live contentedly and worthily, and his days may be long in the land, but in the lot freely as happy as his, who has been stripped of his estates by some reverse of fortune, and thus, being thrown upon his own resources, acquires a practical wisdom, a deep insight into nature and into men, a firm self reliance and dependance upon his own strength in all possible emergencies, which had it not been for his fortunate reverses, he never would have been possessed of! Shall we then call that a misfortune, which has made the latter threefold more a man?

Why is it that the inhabitants of the temperate zones are so much superior to those of the torrid—that rugged, manifestness countries have never been conquered for any length of time, to the end of the aggressor? Because nature, in the one case, has left foolishly kind, and in the other wisely unkind. The men of the steeple south must learn wisdom, providence and courage, or starve. Nature will be had by them from the rugged earth, or the mere asking. They must knock long and loud at the door of the great storehouse of nature before she will open into them. They must hunt and fish, and plough, and learn to build houses that will more than turn a summer shower, and weave clothes that will more than ward off a summer breeze, before they bring they learn even the very strong, to body and to mind. They acquire a power which makes them terrible when they come in contact with the dwellers of the more favored portions of the earth. Their intellectual is enormously in their greatest blessing.

Nothing, we think, can be clearer, so far. But as we grant, more difficult to point out the hidden brightness which generally lurks in other cases of misfortune or sorrow, such as the death of children and relatives, like the bright rays of a rainbow amid the ebon blackness of the storm. And yet in many cases, it is not difficult to perceive the blessing through its disguise. Thus we often see a family lost in worldliness, in the pursuit of outward wealth and prosperity, too worthily and out of view. Its members have nearly forgotten the true use in only a state of probation, and seem to have no thought for vast investment and solemn obligations, when that house and resources a heavenly sister or brother, and the others are recalled from the selfish and worldly path they are treading, to the fearful verge from the grave. So, in other instances, we see the bright links of affection that would bind them together in golden harmony, becoming dim and rusted—children grown up to be lovers, brother and brother, and sister and sister, that Death steps into this jarring household, and takes the fairest and best beloved by the soul, and for ever recover from them—and as up-braiding accents falls upon each heart, and the upbraiding accents falls upon each heart, and the upbraiding accents falls upon each heart, and the angry voices become gentle and calm. And thus do we see Death, still yet most awful of all the angels of our God, sending erring human souls back into "the green pastures" of duty and love. Selfish mothers, who have turned away from their babes, and given them over to hirelings, in order that they may still continue to indulge in the vain and frivolous enjoyments of fashionable life,—wise whisper to them—even in the slumber and wickedness of their hearts, "God has give us children, but He cannot force us to take care of them"—harsh unnatural mothers, who coldly turn aside from, and would if it were possible, even reject the Creator's choicest gifts—and there are thousands of such in every large city—such are taught by the loss of these inestimable blessings, that they still have hearts, and learn to properly estimate their treasures, after Death has forever snatched them from their misery. Thus does the loss of children often evince the heartlessness and carelessness of parents, and the death of one becomes the great gain of the survivors.

It might thus be shown, in a hundred different ways, how adversity and sorrow, coming in the shape of death, may conduce to the spiritual growth and progress of the soul. That wise and brilliant reformist, Mr. Emerson, in his article upon "Compensation," takes a similar view of the subject, and expresses it with a clearness we may not hope to imitate. He says:

"The changes which break up at short intervals the prosperity of men, are advertisements of a nature whose law is growth.

* * * * *

"We cannot part with our friends. We cannot let our angels go. We do not see that they only go out, that archangels may come in. We do not believe there is any force in society to rival or re-create that beautiful yesterday.

* * * * *

And yet the compensations of calamity are made apparent to the understanding also, after long intervals of time. A fever, a mutilation, a cruel disappointment, a loss of friends seems at the moment unpitied loss, and irreparable. But the mere years reveal that deep remedial force that underlies all facts. The death of a dear friend, wife, brother, lover, which seemed nothing but privation, somewhat later assumes the aspect of a guide or genius; for it commonly operates revolutions in our way of life, terminates an epoch of infancy or of youth which was waiting to be closed, breaks up a wonted occupation, or a household, or style of living, and allows the formation of new ones more friendly to the growth of character. It permits or constrains the formation of new acquaintances, and the reception of new influences that prove of the first importance to the next years; and the man or woman who would have remained a sunny garden flower, with no room for its roots and too much sunshine for its head, by the falling of the walls and the neglect of the gardener, is made the banian of the forest, yielding shade and fruit to wide neighborhoods of men."

THE WAR.

The last news from Mexico brings a report that Santa Anna had resigned the Presidency—it is a report, however, to which we attach but little credit.

The account we published in last week's paper, of the storming of Mexico, taken from the New York Herald, is probably false; the Mexican army having evacuated the city, upon the guns of Chapultepec being turned against it. Guadaloupe, to which place Santa Anna had retreated, is now represented as being only two miles from the capital, instead of twelve, as first reported. The force under him is estimated to have been reduced to about ten thousand men.

The force under General Lane, which had left Vera Cruz for the purpose of opening the communication with, and reinforcing General Scott, had arrived, at the last advices, at the National Bridge. They had been much harrassed by the guerilleros, and had sent back to Vera Cruz for more ammunition. It was reported that a large body of Mexicans, under Paredes, had collected at Cerro Gordo, and determined to dispute their progress.

Orders have been given to re-occupy Jalapa, and to station detachments at the National Bridge and Cerro Gordo, for the purpose of keeping open the line of communications. Things are now in such a state that it is only with the greatest difficulty that letters can be forwarded from the main body of the army to either Jalapa or Vera Cruz.

Accounts concur in representing all the Mexican parties to be united in the resolution to prosecute the war—and one account states that "the people were flying to arms in all directions."

That rather doubtful authority, the New Orleans *L. Patria*, states, on the authority of a Vera Cruz correspondent, that the Arch-Bishop of Mexico had addressed a strong proclamation to his flock, to the effect that General Scott had decided to seize the image of "Our Lady of Guadaloupe," in order to bend it as a trophy to Washington. The correspondent adds:—

It this proclamation has been published, as I do not doubt, I assure you that it contains the most electrical language that could be spoken in the then present circumstances. It is the most efficacious talisman that can be used to influence the numberless devotees of that marvellous image, and I am persuaded that the priests will accomplish more with this happy thought than could be done by reminding the Mexicans a thousand times a day of their duty to their country, the dangers to which liberty is exposed, or by repeating to them the heroic deeds of Morales, Allende, and all the most glorious stories of their so much exaggerated independence.

Ignorant as the masses of the Mexican population are, we should doubt their attaching much credence to such a story. If General Scott was to do such a thing, however, it would puzzle the President and his Cabinet as much to tell what to do with "Our Lady of Guadaloupe," as some wags assert it does now to tell what to do with the "Halls of the Montezumas."

The troops detached from Gen. Taylor's army, at the last advices were being embarked as rapidly as the means of transportation could be procured, to proceed to Vera Cruz. We have seen no estimate of the number of troops now on their way through and from the United States to reinforce General Scott, but suppose, at a rough guess, that they must number, including the regiments recently called out, from ten to fifteen thousand men. It will be many months, however, before this force can reach the city of Mexico.

It will depend, doubtless, in a great degree, upon the tone manifested at the approaching session of Congress, what course finally will be determined upon in the present singular position of our affairs in Mexico. The great question will be, "Shall we go on and endeavor to reduce the whole country to submission, occupying it with an army of from fifty to an hundred thousand men; or, shall we withdraw our troops within a boundary line as shall be determined upon by Congress, and content ourselves with simply defending it, with a force not larger than that at present in the field?" These questions and their collateral issues, will probably be the all engrossing ones at the next session of Congress, and it is therefore very important that the people at large should take the whole subject into calm, unprejudiced and enlightened consideration.

SAD NEWS.

A correspondent of the Ledger, writing from Lewes, Delaware, says the sad news has just been Thornton, whose fate it was to lose his life in the early part of the present war, is now in the county poor-house at that place, in a state of partial derangement. This poor lady has not been in her right mind since her husband's death.

Thinking on this sad news, we came across the following short paragraph in one of our exchanges.

The war department is literally besieged by letters and personal applicants, asking inquiries after friends or relatives who are in Mexico.

Ah, those who have not friends or relatives in Mexico, know not the feelings of those who have. The first read of terrible battles, headed "great loss of life," with very different feelings from those of the latter. Think for a moment that almost every man in Mexico is a father, a husband, a brother, a friend, and then estimate if you can, the anxiety, the sorrowful forebodings, which swell in thousands, perhaps millions of hearts, as the first swift tidings fly through the land of all expected or accomplished battle. And as the long list of wounded silently hideous offer, imagine also, if you can, the deep sorrow that spreads from city to city, and from village to village, until the sublimes of the strickers are heard even above the reportings of the victors. Better, far better as it that such should be the case, than that the triumph should make us forget the heartrending—better that the voice of lamentation should fall heavily upon the nation's ear, than that we should drown, in the Hallelujahs of their living sacrifices, the groans and shrieks of the victims, amid the loud clamor of martial music, and the triumphant shouts of unthinking crowds.

A GREAT STORM.

The recent heavy storm of wind and rain, the "twentieth equinox of the season," as one of our contemporaries humorously calls it, has done great damage in Maryland. The travel on the Washington Railroad has been effectually stopped—two bridges and four culverts, being swept away. The road has also been badly washed in many places.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, contrary to general expectation, suffered but little from the storm.

All through Anne Arundel, Prince George's, St. Mary's, and Charles counties, in Maryland, and the District of Columbia, the damage to the crops, bridges and fences, is immense. Trees were blown down in all directions, and in some cases whole orchards were prostrated. Cattle were drowned, and thousands of panels of fence washed away. The rain fell in a continued torrent for eight hours, and the streams were raised to a height never exceeded. Considerable damage was also done in parts of Pennsylvania and Virginia.

A NEW FEATURE.

We have made arrangements with a gentleman of considerable literary celebrity, residing in New York, to occasional letters descriptive of manners and usage in that continent dishes at a city. The first one, which we publish in the present paper, is hardly a fair sample as a whole, of our author's style, though touches of his usual vein will be noticed, he begins to get his hand in.

POOR FASHION.

The great race at the Union Course, between Fashion and Passenger, resulted in the defeat of the latter, to the great disappointment of the majority of the sporting world. Before the race, the betting was two to one in favor of Fashion. A large amount of money changed hands. Until very recently it was a common thing for a horse to run—he lost in 7:44, and the second in 7:46½.

TIGHT LACING.

There has been a great deal said against tight lacing with very little effect. Not that it has been difficult to convince sensible women of its folly, that was done long ago, and all such have given it up; but the difficulty has been to influence the foolish ones—a very large proportion, by the bye—concern us, ladies, but we must tell the truth, and shame the—*monsters.*) Tell such that tight lacing is destructive to their youth, that it works like poison upon ruddy cheeks, full and elastic forms, and all the glorious etceteras of high and radiant health; and they will secretly congratulate themselves upon the prospect of becoming pale and delicate looking Lydia Languishes, frail as hot-house plants, sickly, slender, and (heaven save their wits!)—*interesting.* Tell them that no man of sense will marry a woman with a waist so small that it not only must necessarily cause herself continual ill health and consequent feebleness of body and mind, but entail similar miseries upon her children, if she is so fortunate as to bring any into the world alive—that no man of cultivated taste can see beauty in figures that outrage all his conceptions of the perfect female form, as displayed in the Venus de Medici, and other famous statues that enchant the world; and they will secretly congratulate themselves that men of sense and men of taste are a very small proportion of mankind, and not at all the class that would be apt to fancy them for wives.

But, we are rejoiced to learn that a discovery at length has been made, which will do more to put an end to tight lacing than all the warnings of men of sense, all the indignant sarcasms of the true worshippers of female beauty. It is this: Tight lacing is the cause of the many red noses which may be observed at any assemblage of the fair. The unnatural girth obstructs circulation, and causes stagnation of the blood in that prominent and important feature. "Often," says our authority, "often have we seen these noses, faultless in form, but tinged with that abhorred hue, to which washes and cosmetics had been applied, in wild despair; but, alas! in vain. If the lovely owners could have known the cause, how speedily the effect would have vanished; for, surely, the most perverse admirer of a distorted spine, and compressed lungs, would deem the acquirement of a dram-drinker's nose too heavy a condition to be complised with."

We congratulate the friends of health and beauty upon this discovery. If tight lacing survives a knowledge of this fact, we might as well cease all further efforts against it, and acquiesce in that gradual degeneration of the human species into nothing better than a superior kind of wasp, which sometimes seems to us to be inevitable.

LYNCH LAW.

A person by the name of McKnight recently disappeared from Monroe, Mo. He was the partner of a man named Walworth in the proprietorship of a wharf-boat, and the next morning after his disappearance, blood was found about the boat, and the hat of the missing man cut through, as though by a blow from a hatchet—which instrument also was found, bloody, and having about it human hair!

It being known that Walworth and McKnight had not been on good terms for some days, that many-headed monster with no brains, a mob, gathered together, and threatened to hang the accused without judge or jury. A rumor, however having gained currency that McKnight had been seen floating down the river in a canoe, the fury of the mob was somewhat abated, and better counsels prevailing, McKnight was ordered to prison to await a judicial investigation.

Some time after, the supposed murdered man was discovered alive and well at "Jefferson Barracks," he having enlisted in the army. One of the Western papers says:—

"He stated to his brother that he had become involved, and that one of the persons accused of his murder had threatened to take his life. It was to screen himself, and to punish this man that he pursued the course he had.

"He states that while writing the letter in the room where it was found, his nose commenced bleeding; he smeared the blood upon the letter, took the hatchet which was found, cut his hat with it, struck his blade with blood, cut a piece from some hair, attached it to the blood upon the hatchet, collected blood in his hand and rubbed it upon the door jam, went to the river, got into a canoe and floated down under the guards of the boats to prevent being seen, arrived at Hannibal, and enlisted in the army."

We trust the above case will be a warning to all advocates of Lynch Law. It is more than probable that had not McKnight been seen floating down the river, Walworth would have been murdered by the excited mob. Because of the many cases so somewhat met, have the community instituted courts and juries, for the guards of the boats to prevent being seen, arrived at Hannibal, and enlisted in the army."

LEATHER BREECHES.

The New York Historical Society has taken up, after great labor, the following letter of General [illegible]'s in relation to a [illegible] suit of leather breeches. We wonder if some [illegible] has not been [illegible] Antiquarians. If it be a genuine letter, the Historical Society will perceive that even in [illegible] things, the "father of his country" was a man of sense and judgment. His explicit directions that "they be made roomy in the seat," prove that tailors and dandies were as great fools in those days as at present. We hope the Historical Society will feel encouraged to persevere in their labors:—

Newburgh, 5th Nov., 1782.

Dear Sir—By Dr. Gregg I send you four joes, &c. 9. 7., which appears to be the balance due you for your leather.

I have endeavored to get me made by the measure enclosed a pair of the nicest and best leather breeches I know not at this time who is estimated the most celebrated maker; or I would not trouble you with so trifling a matter. Formerly there was a person called, I think, the Carabone, by whom very neat breeches were made. Whether they are yet to be had, I know not, neither do I know the price of the leather; but from the size of the measure, if neat and sufficient, the deficiency shall be paid me determined. I would beg to have them sent to me as soon as possible. I shall thank you for reiterating the request that they may not be roomy in the seat. They generally make them so tight in the thigh, that it is with difficulty they can be drawn on. The measure enclosed is the size I would have, but what they could be brought to by stretching.

Yours, &c.

G. WASHINGTON.

THE NEGOTIATIONS.

The Mexican Commissioners, in their report to their government, state that the final point of difference between them and Mr. Trist was in relation to New Mexico; Mexico not being willing to surrender that province, and Mr. Trist stating that the United States Government would not recede from this demand. It appears from the Mexican statement, that Mr. Trist was willing to accept the alienation of Santa Anna, so far as the Californias were concerned, and offered to consult his government in relation to the territory between the Nueces and the Rio Grande; but, as New Mexico, the instructions were explicit and imperative. The Washington Union, however, states that the statement of the Mexican Commissioners, in relation to Mr. Trist's agreement to cross the question as to the territory between the Nueces and Rio Grande to his government, in case all other points were satisfactorily disposed of, cannot be true; and, in the absence of all information on the subject, "looks as though they were trying to give the assertion a" *flat denial.*

SENATOR CORWIN.

The Cincinnati Atlas gives the following account of Gov. Corwin's flights of fancy, at a recent political gathering in Ohio:

"And this devil of our Governor, with Vigilance for her Pilot, with Truth, Justice, Mercy, Honor and Liberty, as her crew—with God's blessing and protection upon and around her, for their safety—shall ride out, like an Albatross, the ripplings of the gentlest storm, unscathed, and shall float her plumage unruffled, in peace for ever!"

We hope there is some mistake as to the above—it will not sound well abroad when it is reported that a Senator of the United States does not know the difference between the Ark of the Covenant, and Noah's Ark. As for Corwin's "sailing his prow with a kiss," we could not only forgive him that, but thank him all the better for it; but we cannot so easily forgive and forget such a ludicrous mistake as the above. We are afraid Corwin does not read his Bible very often—if he does not, it is only fair (and we, too,) that he should not quote from it.

THE POTATOES.

One of our contemporaries talks as follows. The editor either is in a bad way, or else the potatoes are, but we really hate not the means at present of determining which:

The potato rot appears to be still extending in Massachusetts, the potato in some sections being famined on every farm, and on many entirely destroyed. The rains appears to be the cause throughout North Carolina, and in the Western portion of the State lately, enough will be saved for seed, and if it our opinion, these should not be used for that purpose.

GENERAL TAYLOR.

Gen. Taylor has written another letter to a Dr. Bronson, of S. C., in which he expresses a little disappointment that all persons interested had not obtained, by this time, a sufficiently satisfactory knowledge of his views and desires in relation to the questions of national policy now at issue between the political parties of this country. The letter, omitting unimportant parts, reads as follows:—

I deem it proper, in reply to your letter, *distinctly to repeat that I am not before the People of the United States as a candidate for the next Presidency.* It is my great desire to return at the close of *this war* to the discharge of those professional duties and to the enjoyment of those domestic pursuits from which I was called at its commencement, and for which my tastes and education best fit me.

I deem it but due to candor to state, at the same time, that, if I were called to the Presidential Chair, by *the general voice of the people, without regard to their political differences*, I should deem it my duty to accept the office. But while I freely avow my attachment to the administration of our *early Presidents*, I desire it to be understood that I cannot submit, even in thus accepting it, to the exaction of any other pledge as to the course I should pursue than that of discharging its functions to the best of my ability, and strictly in accordance with the requirements of the *Constitution*.

I have thus given you the circumstances under which only can I be induced to accept the high and responsible office of President of the United States. I need only add that I cannot in any case permit myself to be brought before the people exclusively by any of the political parties that now so unfortunately divide our country, as their candidate for this office.

In affords me great pleasure, in conclusion, fully to concur with you in your high and just estimate of the virtues, both of head and heart, of the distinguished citizens [Messrs. Clay, Webster, Adams, Crittenden and Calhoun,] mentioned in your letter. I have never yet exercised the privilege of voting, but had I been called upon at the last Presidential election to do so, I should certainly have cast my vote for Mr. Clay.

COMPLIMENTARY.

The Western Continent, published at Baltimore, a very ably conducted paper, says:—

SATURDAY EVENING POST.—This popular paper has been sloughing off its old skin, and has come out bright as a dollar. The Post is one of the oldest weeklies in the United States, and has long maintained a high position in popular favor. It has made a change also in its editorial department lately, and its new editor seems determined not to fall behind his predecessors, either in industry or ability.

Our neighbour of the "Continent" speaks of a change of editors "*lately*"—it was *only* about *two months ago.* Still, contrasted with the time of the Flood, or the fall of the Roman Empire, it was lately.

The Reading Herald, published in a town where the inhabitants are such great readers, that it is called "Reading," says:—

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.—This sterling old journal has come out in a new dress, and makes a most magnificent appearance.

Give us the reading people to know what is what.

COLONEL PRICE.

This officer has recently returned from Santa Fe. A letter from Santa Fe, published in the St. Louis Reveille, speaks of him as follows:

"Col. Price leaves behind him a host of warm friends and admirers. In fact, it has never been my lot to meet a man who has filled a public situation without receiving a censure from some one until I met with Col. Price, and I can safely assert that there is not a private in his regiment who would not bold-ly defend his reputation at the point of the sword. By his straightforward, honest and impartial course while colonel of the second regiment, he has become the idol of his men."

We perceive that some of the papers are quoting the above, as a refutation of the many and serious charges that have been brought against Col. Price's conduct at Santa Fe. How nonsensical! Why the charge was that he allowed his troops to do just as they pleased, and it is to be supposed that he has made himself very popular among them, by such a course. How absurd also for the writer to say, that "he had never met with a man who had filled a public situation, without receiving censure from some one, until he met Col. Price," when the Missouri papers have teemed with complaints of Col. Price's conduct, or rather mis-conduct.

A WEALTHY VOLUNTEER.

"Captain Philip Kearney, a nephew of Gen. Kearney, who lost an arm at the battle of Chirubusco," (so says the account, but we may ask, which one lost his arm?) is said to have a private income of $30,000 per annum—the enjoyment of which

We like this—it shows a manly and generous nature, that scorns the soft and effeminate pleasures with which the possession of a large fortune enables a man to surround himself; and finds a brave delight in all those toils, privations and dangers that call forth the nobler qualities of the human mind.

Upon a certain occasion, in Paris, it is said, the Captain, though generally quite an unostentatious gentleman, gave a banquet, costing over $30,000. He "let out a link" upon that occasion, not to gratify vain glory in himself, but in honor of the American name.

A WOODEN NUTMEG.

It seems by the following from the Vicksburg sentinel, that some cunning but not very honest Yankee is playing quite an extensive game in the "wooden nutmeg line" at Natchez:

"The Boston papers have a good deal to say about Colonel Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, at Natchez. If there is a chap there passing himself off as Colonel Jefferson Davis, we advise all concerned to look up their valuables wherever he approaches. The real Colonel Jefferson Davis is at home on his plantation in this country, and we deeply regret to say is suffering both from an attack of fever, and from his wounded leg, which has never yet healed."

A SHAM DUEL.

A shame duel came off a short time since at Montreal, Upper Canada, between two young gentlemen named H——— and H———. Both parties fired, and H——— fell; but it was soon ascertained that the wounds had landed the pistols with powder and wadding only. The principals were perfectly satisfied, however, and went away friends—both doubtless sincerely thanking their God-headed and friendly "seconds," in their inmost hearts.

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FIRE IN HARTFORD.

The number of dwelling houses destroyed by fire during the last week in this city was 130—adults 62 and children 70.

A COMPLIMENT.

The question of title to the Pea Patch island, in the Delaware river, has been referred to the Hon. John Sergeant of this city, who is to hear the counsel of the two parties upon the subject. When it is considered that the United States and New Jersey are the parties to this dispute, the compliment to Mr. Sergeant will be duly appreciated. Senator Clayton and J. A. Bayard from Delaware, will argue the case for the United States; and General Eaton and Governor Bibb of Kentucky, for New Jersey. The right of the United States is derived by cession, from Delaware.

GIRARD COLLEGE.

It really has come to pass—to the astonishment of every body—that Girard College is almost finished, and is to be opened and organized on the first of December next. On that day the Building Committee will deliver the College into the hands of the Directors, who will immediately proceed to carry out the charitable objects of Mr. Girard. The completion of this building is a warning to all who have witnessed its slow but steady growth from the first stone, that they are getting old.

Our Correspondents

LETTERS FROM NEW YORK.

NO. I.

New York, Saturday Evening, Oct. 2, 1847

Quite a variety of important events have transpired in this city during the last week,—events artistical, religious, theatrical and miscellaneous.

The *Art Union*, whose praises I have sung in almost every town in the United States, has removed to its new quarters on Broadway, (above Broom street,) and on Thursday next will make a grand display of American Paintings. Happening to be among the favored few, I have already visited the exhibition, (previous to its regular opening) and can assure your "Union" readers that they never had a better chance for obtaining valuable prizes than they will have at the next distribution of the Association. Among the great pictures might be mentioned *A Home in the Woods*, by Cole, the *Indians Trapping*, by Durand, *Romeo on the Mississippi*, by Bingham, *The Novice*, by William S. Mount, *A Game Piece*, by Hinckley, *A Winter Sunset*, by Gignoux, *The Artists' Studio*, by White, the *Mountain Pass*, by Deas, the *Ship on Fire*, by Brown, and many more productions of uncommon merit. The number of subscribers to this association, at the present time, is more than one thousand greater than it was at a corresponding period last year, and its prospects brightening every day. Already has it accomplished much for the artists of our country,—and, so long as it continues to be managed entirely for the benefit of the people, and not for a clique, it cannot but "do the State much service."

The religious movements to which I have alluded, have been confined to the Protestant Episcopal Church, whose annual Convention commenced their sessions on Wednesday last.

As to theatrical matters, I can only say that the newly opened Broadway theatre, is universally pronounced the most beautiful and convenient dramatic temple ever built in this country. No expense has been spared to make it as ornament to the city, and every effort seems to have been made to bring together the very best of performers. It proposes not to be conducted on the *starring* system, and yet it patronizes such players as H. Wallack, Vandenhoff, Barrett, Fanny Wallack, a Mr. Lester and a very pretty lady named Sefton, the last two of whom are from over the water, and players of the highest respectability. The new theatre is wonderfully a-head of the "old bowery" in point of fashion and beauty, (with an occasional sprinkling, (as a matter of course,) of fastidiousness and impudence. The new prices, as I am informed, have averaged more than $1,000 per night during the past week.

On Monday last a new play (Aristocrat) was brought out at the Park,—the principal female character was performed by Mrs. Mowatt, who is proclaimed as the authoress. It is a cooked up affair, immensely popular with the personal friends of the lady, but "very like a whale."

At the other theatres, humbuggery reigns supreme, wanting the time and talents to do justice and morals is accounted thousands.

To show you that our people are theatre mad, I need only mention the fact that the Commercial Advertiser, heretofore a particularly religious daily paper, has "turned and trimmed." New York is a queer and very wicked place, and I prophesy the time is not far distant when the theatres will be open even on the Sabbath.

On Sunday last a distinguished citizen of New York was consigned to his final resting place in the grave. I allude to Major William Popham, who died in the 80th year of his age. He was an officer in the Revolution; a personal friend of Washington, an accomplished gentleman, and the President of the Cincinnati Society. He left behind him a modest fortune, and an unspotted name.

I happened into Rathbun's Hotel the other evening, when I met a number of friends lately returned from the Copper Region of Lake Superior, where they had been camping out and having a "glorious time" all the past summer. They were well supplied with the good jokes, concerning their manner of life, and one of them was as follows: Among the visitors at Copper Harbor, was a young gentleman from Boston, who was a full blooded cockney, but at the same time a copper speculator. His sleeping place was under a tent, on the lake shore, and they tell the story that one night, returning to rest the first night after his arrival, he found, on turning back the tents, and *placed them outside of the tent door for the purpose of having them refreshed*, and then rolled himself up in his buffalo robe, for a wilderness snooze. With him, the "rolling passion" seems to have been strong,—in the woods.

The Greek Slave, by Powers, as heretofore, continues to attract the attention of all lovers of genuine art. It is undoubtedly one of the greatest works of genius yet produced by an American. A few over-virtuous old maids have been trying to get up a fuss about the propriety of such an exhibition, but the first offensive paper was withdrawn, and the second met with cool rebuke. The principals were perfectly satisfied, however, and went away friends—both doubtless sincerely thanking their God-headed and friendly "seconds," in their inmost hearts.

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Friendly looks among a while back at girls, returning home from school. The poor boy smiled upon them, but uttered not a word. They stopped to talk with him a moment, and he told them the story of his life, and all of them were melted to tears. All the pennies that the little party could muster were given to the cripple, and each child, with an immortal jewel in its heart, passed on to receive a kiss from its fond parents. Again did my mind revel in a dream of heaven-born loveliness.

On Tuesday of next week the great Fair of the American Institute will take place at Castle Garden, and, if nothing happens, I will send you a description of the more remarkable inventions exhibited. And thus endeth the first epistle of your friend,

GOTHAMITE.

DO SNAKES HISS?

The author of the following is a bold man. He comes forward in the face of a hundred witnesses, and says plumply and positively that snakes do *not* hiss. We had stopped publishing upon the question, because the testimony was all one way, but it is only fair that the other side should be heard. Our correspondent "Iowa" calls it an "old error"—error or truth it is assuredly "old," as old as the Bible. It will be noticed that "Iowa" speaks particularly of the very species of snake, which some it is alleged hisses. But we have the testimony of numerous hearers that it does hiss. We must conclude, therefore, that Iowa is mistaken.

OLD ERRORS.

MR. EDITOR—To the question "Do snakes hiss?" you, in a late number, asked your readers to reply, and I unhesitatingly say, *I never heard one hiss.*

One of your cotemporary journalists says, if you "tickle his snakeship in the side with a stick, he will soon answer for himself." I say try it, but you will not hear him hiss. The supposition that snakes hiss, is one of the thousand popular errors which none or but few have attempted to correct, and consequently they are handed up from generation to generation.

About fifty years ago I became acquainted with the snake variety of my enemies, and have slain more of them than that old Jew, Sampson, slew of our ancestors with the famous jaw bone, but I never heard one of them hiss. It is true, however, that two species of these brutes do make a short, slight noise, much like that made by a person when breathing hard through the nose, but it is nothing like the sharp, long sound which we imagine when we speak of a hiss. One of the kinds which makes this blowing noise, is the small viper. It is from six to eighteen inches long—of a grayish color, with a few large spots of a darker hue—found in the middle and southern States, and is supposed to be poisonous. "Tickle" one of these and he will spread his head as flat as a flounder, and will sometimes blow. The other kind, it is my thing more than another variety of the same species, is found in the western States, and in appearance exactly similar to the viper, except the size. They are not as easily irritated, nor so remarkable for spreading their heads; they are from two to four feet long, and some are seven or eight inches in circumference. They have pangs like the rattlesnake, and, probably, are poisonous. Some folks, descendants of the Dutch, say they have heard many of this kind bellow very loud, and hence they call them "bull snake." But a slight blowing was all that I ever heard. One variety, the black racer, makes a whizzing noise with his tail, which scares negroes and children very much, but he is not dangerous.

Several errors, besides the supposed hissing, prevails in relation to the rattle-snake. In the books he is represented with his mouth wide open, with a hanging down like the teeth of a large dog, tongue out, and I suppose that it is intended that we shall imagine him hissing lustily. But he does not lose, or have out his tongue on any occasion, and what few are his fangs visible without close examination, for they are concealed in the roof of his mouth. Writers, who are wholly unacquainted with this class of their enemies, when describing them say that he has much nobleness in his composition, and—that he never strikes without giving notice of his intention. Nonsense! If this is true, how does it ever happen that a man is bitten by one, pray tell? Does the man approach him, or at least stand still and take a bite after having been notified of his danger?

We have two kinds of these rattlers, the large yellow

United States SATURDAY POST.

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Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa and Wisconsin, assisted by *James B. Smith, T. Gardner Smith, J. T. Dent, F. [illegible] and Frederick J. Hunter.*

JOHN NIMMO, Canada, East and West.

Mr. ISRAEL E. JAMES is our Travelling Agent for the Southern and South-Western States, assisted by *Jas. K. Whipple, William H. Weld, O. H. P. Stout, John B. Weld, Theodore P. Blake, L. S. Watterson, Reuben A. Henry, John Collins, James Dunning, Isaac D. Ginger and John W. Hutchinson*, the two last named in place of E. B. Hussey, deceased.

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS is our Travelling Agent for Alabama and Tennessee.

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penna.

CHAS. S. ROWLEY will receive subscribers and subscriptions for this paper in the State of Ohio.

MORTIMER T. WEBB, &c. &c. &c. for New York State.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Subscriptions will be received at either of the above mentioned Depots.

General News.

CHAPULTEPEC.

Chapultepec having been captured by the Americans, after the most desperate resistance ever made by a Mexican army; the following account of that place from the New York Sun cannot fail to prove interesting.

Chapultepec is the Aztec for "Grasshopper's Hill." It is a porphyritic rock, rising near the former margin of the lake that surrounded the city of Mexico, and is one of the places designated by the Aztecs where they tarried on their emigration from the North, in search of a final resting place. Their oracles had foretold that such resting place would be decided by their seeing an eagle devouring a serpent on a rock, and at Chapultepec this prediction was verified. From it they beheld the eagle on one of the cactus in the lake, devouring a serpent. The event was at once symbolized in their records, and subsequently represented on their flag and the coin of the nation. The hill is surrounded by a belt of cypress trees, one of which, known as Montezuma's cypress, from having been planted before or during the reign of that Prince, measures *fifty-nine feet* in circumference. Chapultepec was the favorite country residence of Montezuma and his courtiers. It contains the remains of gardens, groves, tanks and grottoes, which bear evidence of its past magnificence. Here Montezuma retired from the dull dust of the city, to enjoy all the luxuries that wealth and power could procure or art devise. It was selected by the Spanish Viceroy as the most beautiful place in the valley of Mexico for a royal residence, and the modern palace (lately a military school,) was built by the Viceroy Galvez. From this place one has a charming view of the whole valley. The Capital, the lakes and the mountains which rise in the distance like a great wall surrounding the enchanting picture. In Anglo Saxon hands this valley on be made as impregnable as Gibraltar.

Beside or cannon planted on the hill of Chapultepec command the city, the principal roads and the aqueduct. Hence the attack and capture of that place, gained by Gen. Scott before making any demonstration upon the city. There on the hill, the taking of the city could be effected without serious loss of life.

REMARKABLE STATEMENT.

The Augusta (Maine) Farmer tells the following singular story. We never heard of the like before:

On the afternoon of Wednesday, the 20th ultimo, a thunder shower passed over the northern part of Monmouth, in this county, during which the house of Mr. Benjamin Richardson was struck by lightning, and nearly demolished. We visited the premises the next day and looked at the ruins, and are satisfied that the bolt struck did so much damage passed up from the ground to the cloud. On the bottom of the cellar were two or three holes made by the passage of the electric fluid as it escaped from the earth. One of these is large enough for a man to thrust his leg into, up to his knee; the others were smaller. The dirt around the margin of these holes was forced up and out of place, and some of it thrown off at a distance. From the cellar it passed out, according to appearances, in several directions through the under pinning which was not very tight. Over a floor passed over the house, all of which, except one, miraculously escaped unhurt. A sister of Mr. Richardson was sitting near the stove, and was severely hurt by the electric fluid striking her face and neck, and some splinters of wood driven into the flesh at one side of the head. It affected one side of her with temporary paralysis, which has passed into a sort of neuralgia. What is very remarkable, none of the persons in the house saw any flash or heard any thunder. Mrs. Richardson says that, on a sudden, the room appeared to be filled with blazing cotton, and she presently found herself on the floor. In a trunk, if off—the next moment she saw the cover had been done. We are further confirmed in the opinion that this was an upward, or returning stroke, from the fact that a man at a place three quarters of a mile westward from the house was prostrated by what he supposed to be the same bolt.

A CHINESE PAPER.

The New York Journal of Commerce says that a foreigner in China has started a newspaper in the Chinese language. Whether it will succeed or not remains to be seen. It is a novelty to its people. The only paper published by the Chinese that can at all be depended upon is the Pekin Gazette. This is published at irregular periods at the Capital, and thence distributed throughout the Empire. It is a matter of great importance for the Mandarins to secure an early reading of the Gazette, in order that they may be enabled to proceed on their official duties. For it seems that the only means by which the officers of government generally arrive at a knowledge of the will of their sovereign, is through the medium of that Gazette.

Express riders are in readiness at Pekin to carry the Gazette in different directions over the Empire as soon as published. The same rider carries the Gazette from Pekin to any one city, as, for instance, Canton, performing the distance on horseback by means of relays of horses at short distances. The distance from Pekin to Canton is performed in six days, riding incessantly night and day; and, as you may readily imagine, personal risk to a great portion of the riders. An ignorant rider, or rider is able to make more than two trips, is to either dies or becomes permanently disabled.

ATROCIOUS.

A recent letter from General Taylor says, a few the following account of an attempt to murder Captain Bragg, which is one of the most atrocious things we ever read of:

Some fiend, last night, made a terrible illustration of the little more grape. Captain Bragg, on he placed under the bed in the garbed soldier in Saxon bombshell, with a train leading off by which it was ignited. The explosion was terrific, but fortunately the Captain received no injury. Two of the musicians were slightly hurt by splinters touching him. His escape is looked upon as miraculous, the contents of the shell having been collected around for a hundred yards. No cause is assigned for this attempt upon the life of Captain Bragg, except that some of his men think he is too severe in his discipline. This is the second attempt on his life.

SERGEANT RILEY.

The New York Commercial speaks as follows of Sergeant Riley, who was recently hung in Mexico as a deserter:

"Sergeant Riley, the deserter, was well known as many in this community. He was recruiting sergeant for some time, and kept the rendezvous near to the corner of Cedar, in Washington Street. Riley was a man of very large frame, more than six feet high. He was formerly a Sergeant in the 66th regiment of the British army, stationed in Canada, from which he deserted, and came to this city. Shortly after, he joined the United States army, and being well skilled in his profession, was sent to West Point, where he acted as drill Sergeant for some time."

SPECIE.

A correspondent of the National Intelligencer, writing from New Orleans, writes as follows:

The steamer New Orleans took out to Vera Cruz, $400,000 in gold, for the army; $200,000 came out last week; and now that the flow of specie has ceased from Europe, this constant drain of specie for the army will be seriously felt. The above, with previous shipments, make $1,800,000 that the public prints have announced as having been sent from this port since the 1st of last month, exclusive of a large amount of bills drawn on Mexico by the Quartermaster here.

THE CHOLERA.

According to letters from Odessa, the cholera appears to have almost entirely subsided at Taganrog, and to have much diminished at Tagarock; but on the other hand, it has invaded Bristol, Mariampolis, and several other towns of Southern Russia. At Bristol, out of a population of 8,000, in three days there died 300. The distance from Pekin to Canton is performed in six days, riding incessantly night and day; and, as you may readily imagine, personal risk to a great portion of the riders. An ignorant rider, or rider is able to make more than two trips, is to either dies or becomes permanently disabled.

CHARGE OF LIBEL.

Rev. Mr. Campbell, of the United States, and Rev. Mr. Robertson, of Edinburg, have recently been attempting to settle a dispute, which arose from some remarks made by the former. Mr. Robertson, brought an action against Mr. Campbell for defamation of character, placing his damage at £5,000. As it was supposed that Mr. Campbell was about to leave the country for the United States, a warrant for his commitment was obtained and he was taken off and lodged in Glasgow jail. The case came on before Lord Murray, and that magistrate decided that the warrant was not of a sufficiently definite character to justify Mr. Campbell's imprisonment, and he expressed strong doubts whether the case warranted the incarceration of a foreigner meditating flight. Mr. Campbell was liberated, and the libel case will come on shortly. This quarrel between these Clergymen has caused much excitement in Scotland.

SCOTT IN BATTLE.

A correspondent of the N. Orleans Delta thus writes of Gen. Scott's demeanor in battle:

Gen. Scott, at the head of our army during the engagement, received a slight wound in the leg, and what is very remarkable, no person whatever else at present knows the nature of it until after the battle was over. A great deal has been said and written in reference to the ability of General Scott as a military man, but those who have not seen him in command and under fire, cannot form any just conception of his abilities. His cool consideration of everything around him—his quick perception—his firm resolves and immediate execution—equal if they do not surpass those of any of the great Generals whose deeds have been made so conspicuous in history.

A BAD FAILURE.

It is stated that the affairs of Prime, Ward & Co., as far as the American creditors are concerned, will turn out even worse than was feared. The amount of indebtedness is about $700,000, of which three of the Wall street Banks lose a large amount, stated at $200,000. The English creditors have absorbed all the assets of the firm.

A NEW TELEGRAPH COMPANY.—The Cincinnati Gazette understands that F. O. J. Smith, formed a new Telegraph Company while in that city lately, to construct a line of Telegraph from thence to Lexington, Ky., thence to New Orleans, and from Lexington, by Maysville, Portsmouth, Pomeroy, Marietta and Wheeling, to Baltimore, with a side line from Washington, Pa., to Pittsburg; and that contracts have already been entered into to go on with the work immediately.

GREAT EXCITEMENT IN THE FLOUR TRADE.—The foreign news by telegraph to Cincinnati, on Sunday night week, announcing the advance in flour, created considerable excitement. On Monday the price immediately advanced to $4 75 per barrel. A large dealer purchased early in the morning, three thousand barrels of an eminent merchant, at $4 15, thus clearing the handsome sum of $600 in a few minutes. We will say nothing, however, as to the honesty of the transaction.

The World Abroad.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

Queen Victoria's last gala-meeting visited poor folk of a million of dollars. Those that Bonaparte used to wear, when Emperor, on State occasions, nearly a million!

The sale of Shakspeare's house recently took place at the City Auction Mart, London. Mr. Robins, the celebrated auctioneer, officiated. Three offers—1st £3,000, 2nd £3,000, and 3rd £3,100 were then made, when on the part of the Stratford and London Shakspeare Committees, organized for the purchase of the house, £3,000 was offered. In other bidders appearing, the Stratford and London Committees were declared the purchasers amid immense cheering.

Count Ossoli, or woman, his son presented to the British public a perfectly satisfactory likeness, mental and physical, of Jenny Lind, in the form of a statuette, which for grace, action and elegance, cannot be surpassed. It represents the inimitable songstress in the part of "The Daughter of the Regiment," neck, gay, soldier-like, and full of spirit.

O'Connell's furniture had been sold at auction in Dublin, and his gridiron was purchased as a relic by a broker for 5s. 6d.

Two English gentlemen, on a pedestrian tour through parts of Switzerland, were benighted the night of September 10, on Kinlochleg, near Fort William, Inverness-s of cold and exhaustion, the night being exceedingly cold and boisterous.

In the London Court of Bankruptcy, a solicitor attributed his failure to his daughters, who instead of buying stock, spent £200 in opera tickets, besides treating themselves and friends to hear Jenny Lind.

A vessel has arrived at London with a cargo of bricks from the tower of Babel, and with other architectural curiosities, for the British Museum.

The British people are making a new impression upon the globe—one that interests the Turkish Sultan and all intelligent observers. It is the establishment of Railways in the East Indies, mainly with the view of developing the cotton culture in the East, and to bring it cheap from a distance, to a market on the seaboard.

A society is about to be formed in Glasgow for the purpose of promoting the culture of cotton in Australia by free European labor.

The London Daily News says the "Swedish Nightingale" has, it is reported, taken unto herself a mate. The retired man is a banker of the Kingdom of Englehunk. The ceremony took place at Marlborough Church.

By Ashley, the new Chief Rabbi, in London, has raised it to be intimated that no member of the Jewish persuasion, who is the keeper of an improper house, will be permitted to attend the Synagogue, or be acknowledged as one of the people.

Chamberlain, Judge Bustamante, a representative from Jamaica, amongst other hard terms, called the second-class passengers refused—"Let me to be great a nuisance to your house—take me to be!" "Put your mouth close!" suggested the Judge.

Counterfeit two dollar notes on the Philadelphia and Mechanics' Bank of North Carolina are in circulation at the South. They are well executed to deceive.

The Commissioners appointed at the last session of the Iowa Legislature, to select a new seat of government, have selected a spot on a beautiful prairie in Jasper county, thirty miles from the geographical centre of the territory. The name is Monroe city.

It is said that large quantities of unexported salt are sent from Syracuse in sacks, which are generally supposed to contain twenty-eight pounds, but which in fact contain only twenty-one or twenty-five pounds.

Hall your league as a "sad" and Lisbonian to his wife. "Sure, then, can't going to speak yourself," was the reply.

The citizens of Dayton, Ohio, have presented the Hon. Thomas Corwin, with a handsome plough.

The Courier des Etats Unis says that Louis Philippe had remarked that "If it now supplied that Lord Palmerston were dead. He is a well genius that would set all Europe in fire."

It is reported by smuggling military stores across the Mexican frontier, by the Messrs. Jacobs, of Bexar, for they were unable to agree whether there had been an undervaluation.

We learn that a letter has been received in town from General Taylor's camp, announcing that the old General was to leave camp in a few hours in advance of the 14th inst. It is probable that he will return home about the 1st of November next.

"Really" and Mrs. Partington, "I do not know what they mean by talking so much about the severity of the digging season in the British army and navy. I am sure we have been busy a-ha in this country now for three years."

It is a singular fact that General Scott entered Mexico on the 14th of September, the day which is celebrated throughout Mexico as the anniversary of its independence.

Mr. Longworth, of Cincinnati, says he has had his bins filled to his last season's cellar—Catawba Grapes, 6,000 gallons of Champagne—enough pronounce to be of super or quality, and will be fit for use next year.

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The State of Georgia is beginning to develope a new source of trade, in turning to account her pine forests near the coast, in the production of turpentine. Within the last year various parcels of this article, in barrels, have been sent from Darien to the Eastern markets.

The appearance of bad taste resembles the turning of a gray hair, which will be cured with a few finds them with the first gone.

The application of the Committee of New Jersey to appoint a Receiver to the Camden and Amboy Railroad Company, on the plea of improper use of its capital, has been denied.

The Act of Congress has been adopted by the St. Lawrence and Atlantic Railroad Company, of New York, for the 25th of November, as a day of Thanksgiving.

Clippings.

The Mexican annually exports about fourteen millions of specie to England. The present year more than four will be much less than that number, on account of the difficulty in procuring purchases, which is necessary in the smelting of the precious ores.

Judge Buchanan, in representing a case mentioned, amongst other hard terms, called the second-class passengers refused—"Let me to be great a nuisance to your house—take me to be!" "Put your mouth close!" suggested the Judge.

Counterfeit two dollar notes on the Philadelphia and Mechanics' Bank of North Carolina are in circulation at the South. They are well executed to deceive.

The Commissioners, appointed at the last session of the Iowa Legislature, to select a new seat of government, have selected a spot on a beautiful prairie in Jasper county, thirty miles from the geographical centre of the territory. The name is Monroe city.

It is said that large quantities of unexported salt are sent from Syracuse in sacks, which are generally supposed to contain twenty-eight pounds, but which in fact contain only twenty-one or twenty-five pounds.

Hall your league as a "sad" and Lisbonian to his wife. "Sure, then, can't going to speak yourself," was the reply.

The citizens of Dayton, Ohio, have presented the Hon. Thomas Corwin, with a handsome plough.

The Courier des Etats Unis says that Louis Philippe had remarked that "If it now supplied that Lord Palmerston were dead. He is a well genius that would set all Europe in fire."

It is reported by smuggling military stores across the Mexican frontier, by the Messrs. Jacobs, of Bexar, for they were unable to agree whether there had been an undervaluation.

We learn that a letter has been received in town from General Taylor's camp, announcing that the old General was to leave camp in a few hours in advance of the 14th inst. It is probable that he will return home about the 1st of November next.

"Really" and Mrs. Partington, "I do not know what they mean by talking so much about the severity of the digging season in the British army and navy. I am sure we have been busy a-ha in this country now for three years."

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Items of News.

The Pennsylvania Volunteers.—The Pittsburg Commercial Journal says letters have been received in that city, with the intelligence that Lieut. Col. Black, and, we presume, the greater part, if not all the First Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers were at Perote, on the 10th of September. They could not, therefore, have been engaged in the late operations around Mexico. The Second Regiment was in garrison at Puebla previous to Gen. Scott's advance from Puebla.

New Work.—Messrs. Burgess, Stringer & Co., New York, have published a new novel by J. Fenimore Cooper, entitled, "The Chainbearer, or Lakewood Book—a Tale of the Frontier." It is said to be superior to any of his late productions.

Some publishers have also purchased the manuscript of a new novel by James K. Paulding, entitled "The Puritan's Daughter," which will shortly appear.

A Fatal Accident.—Mr. Jonathan Sutherland, a respectable man when sober, of Wintchester county, Kentucky, a confirmed when drunk. While attempting to harness his family on Saturday week, his son James, a boy of young men whom he was furiously approaching with a knife, shot him dead. A coroner's jury pronounced it self-defence.

An Educated Woodsawyer.—We have in this city a German, about thirty years of age, who was educated in one of the German Universities. He is an excellent Latinist, a good Greek and Hebrew scholar, and speaks and writes French, Spanish, German and English, and is an excellent mathematician. With all these accomplishments he is compelled, for want of better employment, to saw wood for a living.—*Detroit Journal.*

Dreadful Accident and Death.—Mr. Luther Gould, of Fairfield, Conn., met with a shocking death on Tuesday week, from the explosion of a lot of powder placed under a rock on which he was sitting preparing a blast. By some means the fire was communicated to it. His body was thrown over a tree forty feet in height.

War Meeting at New Orleans.—A large meeting was held at New Orleans on the evening of the 30th ult., in favor of prosecuting the war with all the power of the country, until Mexico shall honestly sue for peace with the United States. The Mayor of the city presided.

Suicide.—Mrs. Weldon, formerly Mrs. McGaughey, of this city, and who eloped with Dr. Weldon some years ago, recently committed suicide by hanging herself, in Covington, Ind.—Her unstable mind or life made miserable by corrugal infidelity.—*Cleveland Herald.*

Local Item.—Robert, a promising son of Mr. Charles Ferry, of the Township, aged about 12 years, died on Tuesday last of *hooping-cough*, caused by a slight wound received from a cut upon one of his feet.—*Saturday Evening Herald.*

General Worth.—A letter in the Mobile Herald, states that General Worth was wounded in one of his legs, by a spent ball. The limb was considerably shattered, but it was not considered dangerous.

The Kentucky Regiments.—Two new regiments of volunteers, the 3d and 4th, numbering 2,000 men, were encamped within seven miles of Louisville on the 6th inst.

Novel.—Misses Mary Ann Busby, Mary Gelleespie and Mary Hesbuller, took the white veil in the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy, at Pittsburg, last week.

Religious Intelligence

THE ONDERDONK CASE.

The subject of the restoration of Bishop Onderdonk has been brought before the Episcopal General Convention, now in session at New York. A joint committee has been appointed to report on the best means of relieving the Diocese of New York from the anomalous position resulting from the indefinite suspension of its Bishop. The committee consists, on the part of the Bishops, of Bishops Brownell, of Connecticut; Hopkins, of Vermont; Ives, of North Carolina; Otey, of Tennessee; Potter, of Pennsylvania; Cobb, of Alabama; and Lee, of Delaware; and on the part of the Deputies, of Rev. S. F. Jarvis, of Connecticut; Rev. Chas. Burroughs, of New Hampshire; Rev. E. C. McGuire, of Virginia; Rev. Dr. Van Ingen, Judge Sumner, of New York; Judge Chambers, of Maryland; R. F. W. Allston, of South Carolina. New York papers state that Bishop Onderdonk has sent to the House of Bishops a long memorial asserting his innocence, and asking to be restored to his Episcopal functions.

A rumor is current in certain circles in New York that the late P. G. Stuyvesant left an annuity of $1,000 to the Bishop—an addition of no inconsiderable.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop Potter, of this city, has been invited by the Standing Committee of the Diocese of New York to perform Episcopal functions there for the term of one month. It is presumed he will not decline the invitation.

The majority of this rich, the Express records:

In the present state of things, the administration of the law, in the Diocese of New York, is virtually suspended, the clergy in such cases having to the appointments made by the Standing Committee, and no Bishop, friendly to the suspended Diocesan, Dr. Onderdonk, has ever been named up in that matter, and his appointment may be considered as leading to a peaceful compromise of the question involved. Under these circumstances, it is hoped he may feel it his duty to accept. The Bishop has arrived in the city."

The Bishops have passed a resolution providing that the next session of the General Convention shall be held at Philadelphia.

For the Dakota.—The Bible is to be printed in the Dakota Language, by order of the managers of the American Bible Society. It will be stereotyped. There are now in Northern Illinois and Wisconsin, upwards of 10,000 Dakes, and this number is to be increased by 5,000 more who are to join them during the coming spring.

Thanksgiving in Massachusetts.—The 25th of November has been fixed upon by Gov. Briggs, to be observed as a day of Thanksgiving and Prayer throughout the State of Massachusetts. New Hampshire and Maine have appointed the same day.

Varieties.

SCRAPS

FROM MY GRANDFATHER'S POCKET BOOK.

NO. III.

Nothing is more common than people who advise, nothing more rare than those who relieve distress.

Libellers seldom put their names to libels, for the same reason that murderers fear of being taken with forbidden weapons.

For two thousand years declarations against luxury have been made in prose and verse, but it has always been practiced.

If we may ever hope to find the road of truth, it will be only when we have ascertained all the avenues which lead to error.

Nature has given to man a disposition to pity others in misfortune, and a power to comprehend truth. These two gifts of God are the foundation of civil society.

A pure religion, early inspires in the human mind such feelings that from about the age of seven years until that of seventeen, we never perform a bad action without having the reproaches of conscience. Afterwards there is a strife between the passions and conscience, and sometimes the former stifle the latter. During this conflict, tormented by a mental storm, men sometimes consult others, as when they are diseased they take advice from those who appear well; and this produces casuists, or persons who decide on cases of conscience. The best way is to follow the advice of the past.

[illegible]
Let that age be your leader.

I know of but two kinds of beings on earth who are immutable, geometry and animals; they are guided by two such as the rules, demonstration and instinct. Geometers may differ, but animals always agree, the bee constructs the honey-comb always in the same way, the swallow builds its nest in the same manner.

Curiosity is natural to man, to monkeys and to little dogs. Put a dog in a carriage, and he will continually stand upon his hind legs looking out of the window to see what is going on; a monkey peeps into every thing and appears to examine every thing. As to men, we know that whole cities are engaged in asking what is going on and what is new.

RUBICUS.

GENERAL CUSHING.

A correspondent of the N. O. National [illegible] the following anecdote:

Speaking of General Cushing reminds me of his pleasantry last winter, under painful circumstances. About the time that Gen. Taylor had arrived at Matamoras, Gen. Cushing had had the misfortune to break his leg. A few evenings after, a gentleman who had visited his apartments, got into a conversation with the General, and after apologizing and asking for General Hopping's quarters, the diplomatic General, who never presents an opportunity to escape, said "which Gen. Hopping do you mean?" "Are you not Gen. Hopping?" said the other. "No, no," I am not Gen. Hopping—I am a hopping General."

Alas! the jest is told—the sad reality remains—the hopping General has recovered his [illegible] Gen. Hopping from the command of the Texas brigade.

PALLADIUM.

The origin of this word is lost little is now also thought to be comparatively used, and signifies nothing in this world, but is only used by party in the political fights. It is derived from the Latin word Pallas, or Minerva, which it was pretended descended from Heaven into the land of Illos, from the Greeks were engaged in building the town of Illion. On being consulted about this statue, the oracle ordered that it might remain in safety, but in the citadels, till that the statue should leave Argos, which, and that while the precious deposit remained there Troy should not be taken.

RUBICUS.

A PRETTY THOUGHT

The night is mother of the day,
The winter of the spring,
And ever hate on Death,
The greatest enemy to Life,
Behind the cloud the starlight lurks,
Through winter comes the spring,
And life through death,
Has worth.

Dr. Arnold.—During the battle in Wellington, a British artillery officer rode up to the Duke of Wellington, and said:

"Your grace, I have a distinct view of Napoleon, attended by his staff, my guns are well pointed in that direction, shall I open fire?"

The Duke replied, "Certainly not. I will not allow it; it is not the business of commanders to fire on each other."

A Dog Will Die.—A traditionary fable in a nutshell, that is to the point:

"Every dog will bite one hand that presents it food."

NEW YORK MARKETS, OCTOBER 9.

Ashes—Are brisk at $5 50@5 62½ for Pots, and $5 75 for Pearls. Beeswax—Sales of 15,000 lbs Quebec at 19@20c cash. Bread—Sales of 1,000 bbls Ohio at $4 25, 500 Brandywine at $4 37½, and 400 Georgetown at $4 37½. Sales of 400 bbls Genesee at $4 50. Sales of 500 bbls Fancy Brandywine at $4 62½. Sales of 1,000 bbls Fancy Ohio at $4 50. Sales of 1,000 bbls Genesee at $4 50

Selected Poetry.

THE FUTURE LIFE.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

How shall I know thee in the sphere which keeps
The disembodied spirits of the dead;
When all of thee that Time could wither, sleeps
And perishes among the dust we tread?
For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless pain
If there I meet thy gentle presence not;
Nor hear the voice I love, nor read again
In thy serenest eyes the tender thought.
Will not thy own meek heart demand me there,
That heart whose fondest throbs to me were given,
My name on earth was ever in thy prayer,
Shall it be banished from thy lips in heaven?
In meadows fanned by heaven's life-breathing wind,
In the resplendence of that glorious sphere,
And in the mazes of the unfettered mind,
Will thou forget the love that joined us here?
The love that lived through all the storms past,
And meekly with my harsher nature bore,
And deeper grew, and tenderer to the last,
Shall it expire with life, and be no more?
A happier lot than mine, and larger light,
Await thee there; for thou hast bowed thy will
In cheerful homage to the rule of right,
And lovest all, and rendrest good for ill.
For me, the sordid cares in which I dwelt
Shrink and consume the heart as heat the scroll,
And wrath hath left its scar—that fire of hell
Has left its frightful scar upon my soul.
Yet, though thou wearest the glory of the sky,
Will thou not keep the same beloved name,
The same fair thoughtful brow, and gentle eye,
Lovelier in heaven's sweet climate, yet the same?
Shall then not teach me, in that calmer home,
The wisdom that I learned so ill in this—
The wisdom which is love—till I become
Thy fit companion in that land of bliss?

Selected Sketch.

THE WATER CURE.

A correspondent of the New York Herald, writing from Grafenberg, in Silesia, gives the following interesting account of the Water Cure establishment at that place:

As it is hardly probable that many of your readers in the United States are familiar with the *modus operandi* of the celebrated water cure, it may not be amiss to give a general outline of the treatment that is here termed, "taking the cure."

We will first devote a few lines to its great originator, or, as it is here termed on the monument already erected to his memory, "The immortal Priessnitz." He was born a humble peasant, and the real condition of this oppressed class in Silesia can scarcely be conveyed to an American ear by any other term than that of serf. In early life he gave no proof of remarkable talent, but lived a life of his class usually do, total about his twentieth year. At this period, a serious accident happened to him in the ploughfield, by which he has several limbs broken, and was otherwise much injured. The physicians who were called in declared him past assistance, and left him to die. He, it appears, had several times cured wounds on himself and animals, by the simple application of bandages saturated with cold water, and he now determined to have them applied on a large scale as death was his doom, and more he could not fear. Having succeeded in replacing the tube, by powerful efforts of inhalation into the lungs, he continued the bandages with the most gratifying results, and a few weeks found him perfectly restored. This miracle was noised about the neighborhood, and many of the peasants applied to him for advice in sickness, and he invariably succeeded in all he undertook. This success led him to further investigations and experiments, and he finally resolved to devote his life to the development of a system, the ground-work of which seemed to be given him by instinct.

To leap from the past to the present—the result of all this has been, that the farm on which he for merly labored, it now the site of the Village of Grafenberg, exclusively inhabited by his patients subjected to his will, as their earthly prince. His patients number, at the present moment, about eight hundred, and the lists of the cures speak for since the commencement of his career, swell into many thousands—and hist, de d'ane is said to number more guests than that of any hotel in Europe. In the midst of all this, Priessnitz remains himself, "the blustak peasant." His manners are so rough, that at times, they may be almost called uncouth, and his appearance must disappoint every one, who, for the first time, pursues his person with his fame. Priessnitz does not use a particle of medicine, and his only application, internal or external, is cold water. On applying for advice, he listens, without making a single remark as to the disease, and refers his patient to the inspector, who supplies a room, and gives orders as to tube, blankets, sheets, &c. All things being in order for the first bath, he is sent for, and the bath, or rubbing with a wet sheet, is given in his presence. During this operation he watches the patient attentively and gives his orders to the bath-servant as to the number in which he is to apply the cure. He never feels a pulse, and seems to judge from the appearance of the eye and temperature of the skin.

The general cure may be given as follows:—The patient rises at 4 or 5 o'clock, and the bed clothes are taken from the body a large, thick woollen blanket is then laid upon it—on this blanket is spread a large sheet, perfectly saturated with cold water—the patient lies down on the sheet, and it is wrapped closely around him by the bath servant, and the arms being bound close to the body the whole appearance is very like that of a mummy; the blanket is now wrapped around him a rigidly as possible, and on cool mummy are piled feather beds, blankets and other non-conductors of heat (sometimes, until the poor patient is nearly buried alive), the head alone being free. Lying in this condition about half an hour causes a great degree of heat to set in, and the feet of the patient being then unwrapped, he is led to an ice-cold bath and the blanket and sheet being taken off, he plunges in for a longer or shorter period, according to circumstances. This being over, he is rubbed dry, and dressed in flannels over his nakedness, with which he lays himself as with wings, for several minutes this is called taking the air-bath. The next business of the order of the cure, is to start off for a long walk over the mountains here at Grafenberg; these are beautifully laid out with paths, extending in many directions for several miles through woods of fine trees ornamented with benches, retreats, and the most delightful fountains tastefully constructed and provided with seats. The springs are, on an average, one fourth of a mile apart, and at each one the patient usually drinks a large glass of water (and I never certainly to never to more delicious was to be found in nature than that which flows from the springs at Grafenberg. The morning walk being ended, all repair with extensive appetites to the eating saloon, where the breakfast table remains spread for two hours, to give all indigenous to strangers and non-engagement in long walks. The breakfast consists of meat, vegetables rye bread, good butter and good milk; and it is to be noticed as observable that enormous quantities of butter are consumed here, that in the houses of most of the patients it is used as lard is in satire.

A little repose after breakfast is generally followed by a "Douche-bath." The douches are all situated in a handsome valley, about a half mile from the village, and arranged in small one-story houses; they consist of extremely strong jets of water falling from the height of ten or fifteen feet (the diameter of the falling stream varies from one to two inches, which, with the force accumulated by the fall, strikes with wonderful force on the body, so that all patients exhaust fear it, and few days in the douche until they have taken the cure for some weeks. The douche is frequently applied to the breast, the seat of the leg, for local affections but most generally the whole body is douched for some minutes, according to the capability of bearing the operation. A walk after the douche brings the hour of dinner, which is conducted on the same uninviting, and one would suppose, indigestible principle, one dish of miserable meat most miserably cooked, no potatoes or vegtables, and with good luck an extremely coarse, light pudding, with torrents of water to wash it down. The most surprising circumstance of the whole, is the avidity with which the meals service up on the tables is greedily as possible, and on each mummy are piled feather beds, blankets and other non-conductors of heat (sometimes, until the poor patient is nearly buried alive), the head alone being free. Lying in this condition about half an hour causes a great degree of heat to set in, and the feet of the patient being then unwrapped, he is led to an ice-cold bath and the blanket and sheet being taken off, he plunges in for a longer or shorter period, according to circumstances. This being over, he is rubbed dry, and dressed in flannels over his nakedness, with which he lays himself as with wings. For several minutes this is called taking the air-bath. The next business of the order of the cure, is to start off for a long walk over the mountains here at Grafenberg; these are beautifully laid out with paths, extending in many directions for several miles through woods of fine trees ornamented with benches, retreats, and the most delightful fountains tastefully constructed and provided with seats. The springs are, on an average, one fourth of a mile apart, and at each one the patient usually drinks a large glass of water (and I never certainly to never to more delicious was to be found in nature than that which flows from the springs at Grafenberg. The morning walk being ended, all repair with extensive appetites to the eating saloon, where the breakfast table remains spread for two hours, to give all indigenous to strangers and non-engagement in long walks. The breakfast consists of meat, vegetables rye bread, good butter and good milk; and it is to be noticeable to observe what enormous quantities of butter are consumed here, that in the houses of most of the patients it is used as lard is in satire.

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so that all the lower parts of the body, which have been covered by the water, become so perfectly benumbed as to lose all feeling; the natural heat of the body is then restored by active walking, and most of the patients in Grafenberg seem to be running foot races against time. During this exercise, large quantities of water are taken—twenty to thirty tumblers a day are not unfrequent—and an enormous appetite for supper is created, which consists of the same material of the breakfast. This may be considered a pretty fair sample of a day at Grafenberg, although the treatment of course, varies a great deal with different diseases.

So far as clothing is concerned, it may be considered a pretty near approach to mother nature; flannel shirts and drawers are taken off immediately; stocks, cravats and hats share the same fate, and most of the gentlemen in Grafenberg appear in shirts with the bosom flying open, a pair of linen pants and a linen coat, with an umbrella to take the place of a hat against the sun or rain.

So far as the ladies are concerned, it must be acknowledged by impartial observers, that there is a great deal of indecent exposure, and that many of them banish the blush of modesty during their stay in Grafenberg. Priessnitz makes nearly all the ladies take off their stockings, and the grass and the mountainous paths which they climb, obliges them to wear short dresses—the consequence is, that low shoes merely form a dark border to bare legs and feet. In bad weather it is not uncommon for the fair sex to appear in Wellington boots reaching to their knees, and many a comical scene is the result. Among other things, many of the ladies are ordered to walk barefoot in the grass, early in the morning, while covered with dew—and it is really a charming sight to see the Dianas tripping over the dew-drops of the morning, as lightly as fairies, and almost as much in *deshabille*. It must be acknowledged, however, that all this teaches us the extreme falsity of our general ideas in relation to the preservation of health.

I have seen many of the patients come here so sickly and debilitated, that common practice would confine them for months in a sick chamber, carefully protecting from every exposure, however slight. Priessnitz washes them in cold water, takes off all warm clothing, throws them out into the open air, and tells them to enjoy it as they will; and we see ladies delicate as hot-house plants suddenly exposing themselves to every wind that blows, and every rain that falls, and traversing all the mountains and paths for miles around; and strange to say, the results are not colds, influenzas, coughs, consumption, rheumatism, and death; but ruddy cheeks, invigorated bodies, and improved health. One most remarkable circumstance is the fact that no practitioner in Europe has had so many patients with so few deaths—indeed, a death is a rare thing in Grafenberg. On first seeing the establishment, observing the apparent nonsense of the cure, its hazzardous boldness, its exposure, and very thing connected with it, as diametrically opposite to all that I had ever been taught, on observing its eight hundred patients of all sorts, sizes, and diseases, I involuntarily requested to see the grave-yard as the closing scene in the farce. I was told that none belonged to the establishment, as one is needed. Unfortunately for Grafenberg, it is the retreat of many crazy enthusiasts, who pretend to have found in cold water the true philosopher's stone, and the mainings of this class disgust many of the more sober-minded. A picture of one of these cold-water philosophers we will reserve for another and early communication.

O. P. Q.

Selected Articles.

WRITING PAPER.

I have been asked the derivation and application of the term cap paper.

Cap, as applied to paper, is of modern use entirely, at least to certain parts of the United States. Not more than thirty years since I was as familiar with the phrase Foolscap, that I distinctly recollect now "cap," its abbreviation, grated on my ear, upon first hearing it, as much so as "pike" for turnpike does now.

The question is then shifted to what is the origin of the phrase foolscap, as applied to writing paper, which has borne the same so long, that its origin is not to most persons.

The Kings of England, from Edward I., it not earlier, granted various monopolies, either for the support of the government, or to enrich favorites. One of these was the exclusive right to manufacture paper, granted by the first Charles. On the face cloth was a species of notice of the monopoly, the royal arms of England forming the water mark. Vast sums were of course made from this exclusive privilege to make and vend as article in such general use.

All these monopolies were swept away by the Parliament which brought Charles to the scaffold, and at this peculiar case, by way of showing their contempt for the monarch, they directed the royal arms to be taken from the paper, as they had already been from the sign posts, public halls, &c., substituting a fool, with his cap and bells, as the they. This was done in 1643.

Most of the manuscripts written between the [illegible] and 1660, were, accordingly, on water mark, a fool wearing the dress, described as the costume in the court of the British monarch. Cromwell, when made Lord Protector, changed the water mark by substituting a dragon, grasping in its claws arrows of fire, and afterwards putting his coat of arms in its place. This still occasionally appears.

Charles II., at the restoration, replaced the royal arms, and enlarged the size of the sheet, which was much smaller than we see in modern days. In England, paper of the size which the rump Parliament ordered for their journals, bearing the Protector's coat of arms, is still retained for ordinary writing paper, continues after the reason for it has ceased, and now serves, as it will serve for ages, to designate all writing paper in ordinary use, so distinguished from paper designed to be folded in the form of letters.

This last class of writing paper has been reduced really in length, and widened somewhat to adapt it for a convenient shape in folding, and still bears its original name of post paper, applied to it from its use in the days when letters were conveyed to be mail or post by which letters were conveyed to their address.

So recently has the United States made its own paper, that most of our early letters, written in the West, even as late as 1800, bear the impress of the royal arms. St. Clair, Harmar, Wilkinson and Taylor's letters are all of this description.—*Clerk's Intelligencer.*

THE ENGLISH AND AMERICANS.

Our mercurial and excitable American race with its cold English exterior. *Bull*, while pretized by he latter, nevertheless feels to be even more the impulses of his own than that of the Frenchman or he Italian; and to abuse it, therefore, always ives a great satisfaction to his selection. The traits of bland, has the blossom-taste of some hollow plants, manifest themselves differently with difference of climate, and transplantation or shapes or characteristics alike in trees and in men in changed proportions from these which marked their natural conditions. The Norman supplanted was which was glowing skies have bestowed to so remarkable a degree, and caused to predominate in the American temperament, is constantly more ad more severing as from the Saxon mother-articulate which marks the homestead branch of that two hundred years ago was one family. The very figure and make of the American has come back to the Norman type; and even as in the time f Edward Longshanks, the equally brave stall and the "tall walking Norman," as the long-ailed Yankee does now partake his descendant by only personal stride. The intermingle ments of he present King are in most agen ds Saxon lement—the homogeneousness what there is of t) of the American is recognizable chiefly in its ormer attributes. It took centuries, within the confines of that narrow island, to blend these two amilies into one people; it has taken but a few enerations in our broad regions to separate them gain into distinct types. They did not mix genially at first. They never can mix sympathetically gain. Speaking the same language, and with the ame common ancestry for the term of centuries, we are now two as distinct people as any beneath he sun; and instead of ever flowing together again, ur most rapid revolution more severely into clusters ing its eight hundred patients of all sorts, sizes, and diseases, I involuntarily requested to see the grave-yard as the closing scene in the farce. I was told that none belonged to the establishment, as one is needed. Unfortunately for Grafenberg, it is the retreat of many crazy enthusiasts, who pretend to have found in cold water the true philosopher's stone, and the mainings of this class disgust many of the more sober-minded. A picture of one of these cold-water philosophers we will reserve for another and early communication.

O. P. Q.

Selected Articles.

WRITING PAPER.

I have been asked the derivation and application of the term cap paper.

Cap, as applied to paper, is of modern use entirely, at least to certain parts of the United States. Not more than thirty years since I was as familiar with the phrase Foolscap, that I distinctly recollect now "cap," its abbreviation, grated on my ear, upon first hearing it, as much so as "pike" for turnpike does now.

The question is then shifted to what is the origin of the phrase foolscap, as applied to writing paper, which has borne the same so long, that its origin is not to most persons.

The Kings of England, from Edward I., it not earlier, granted various monopolies, either for the support of the government, or to enrich favorites. One of these was the exclusive right to manufacture paper, granted by the first Charles. On the face cloth was a species of notice of the monopoly, the royal arms of England forming the water mark. Vast sums were of course made from this exclusive privilege to make and vend as article in such general use.

All these monopolies were swept away by the Parliament which brought Charles to the scaffold, and at this peculiar case, by way of showing their contempt for the monarch, they directed the royal arms to be taken from the paper, as they had already been from the sign posts, public halls, &c., substituting a fool, with his cap and bells, as the they. This was done in 1643.

Most of the manuscripts written between the [illegible] and 1660, were, accordingly, on water mark, a fool wearing the dress, described as the costume in the court of the British monarch. Cromwell, when made Lord Protector, changed the water mark by substituting a dragon, grasping in its claws arrows of fire, and afterwards putting his coat of arms in its place. This still occasionally appears.

Charles II., at the restoration, replaced the royal arms, and enlarged the size of the sheet, which was much smaller than we see in modern days. In England, paper of the size which the rump Parliament ordered for their journals, bearing the Protector's coat of arms, is still retained for ordinary writing paper, continues after the reason for it has ceased, and now serves, as it will serve for ages, to designate all writing paper in ordinary use, so distinguished from paper designed to be folded in the form of letters.

This last class of writing paper has been reduced really in length, and widened somewhat to adapt it for a convenient shape in folding, and still bears its original name of post paper, applied to it from its use in the days when letters were conveyed to be mail or post by which letters were conveyed to their address.

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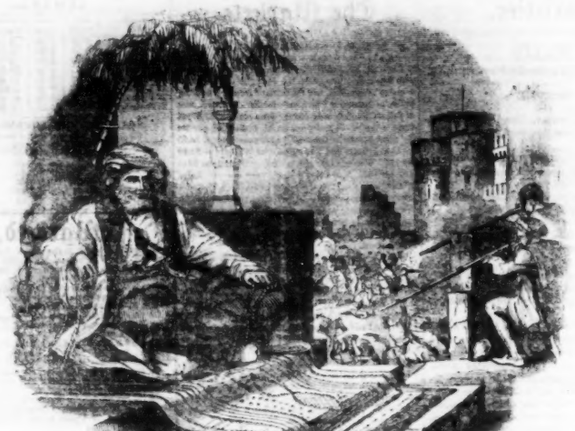
Our Picture Gallery.



MASSACRE OF THE MAMELUKES.

Mohammed Ali, the existing ruler of Egypt, is altogether a very remarkable man. He came into Egypt at the beginning of the present century—a mere soldier of fortune; and gradually raised himself until he was made Pasha, and then he struggled to render himself altogether independent of the Sultan, in which he finally succeeded. His career, as might be expected, has not been unstained by crime. But making every allowance for his rude untaught character, and his position, it must be admitted that he has done not a little for the civilization of the country over which he rules; and, like his former master, the Sultan, deserves to be ranked amongst the bold innovators who give a new direction to the habits and manners of a people.

Mohammed Ali converses freely with European travellers (of whom great numbers now visit Egypt) respecting his progress in life. To Dr. Hogg, who had an interview with him on the 18th of June, 1832, he said, alluding to the commencement of his military career, that then "he had not even an attendant to light his pipe." He came into Egypt, he added, a mere unprotected soldier, with nothing but his sword and his courage to befriend him—for he had not even secured the support of an influential patron in the supreme divan at Constantinople, an advantage which those sent to distant countries generally take care to obtain. His ambition at that time did not aspire to a very high grade; but by taking advantage of circumstances as they arose, and judiciously managing the various classes of men with whom he had to deal, he had gradually, and by his own efforts, raised himself to the station he now filled.

Mr. St. John, who had an interview with him on November 21, 1832, says, that the Pasha told him he was composing his autobiography. In speaking about it, he "seemed to feel unusual enthusiasm. He sat more upright than before; his features grew highly animated; he smiled, and appeared, for the moment, to contemplate with pride the elevation on which fortune had placed him. I observed, however, that the encouragement of his achievements, to mention was made of the destruction of the Mamelooks. Doubtless, as he ran back over the track of memory, the recollection of that bloody day presented itself among his brighter reminiscences,—like Satan among the sons of God; and conscience, may, moreover, have whispered that his hearers also remembered the event: but pleasurable feeling predominated, and gayety sparkled in his eyes."

The Mamelukes presented one of the greatest obstacles to the consolidation of Mohammed Ali's power in Egypt: he therefore resolved on a scheme for their destruction, which, though successful, was treacherous and ferocious. He invited the chief of the body who were living in the neighborhood of Cairo to be present at a grand festival to be given on the 1st of March, 1811, in honor of his son's being invested with the command of an expedition against Mecca. To this ceremony all the Mamelukes repaired; and when they were within the gates of the Pasha's castle, which were closed on them, a shower of musketry was poured down upon them, from which they had no means of escaping. The wood-cut representing this scene is taken from a lithograph (after a design by the celebrated Horace Vernet) in Count Forbin's "Voyage dans le Levant," in 1817 and 1818. The following is the Count's description of the scene:—

"That audacious militia, the Mamelukes, which, since the time of Malek Shah, had made Egypt to feel their power, were nearly destroyed by Mohammed Ali. They had received orders to build themselves in readiness to take part in a grand ceremony, which was to precede the departure of his son for Mecca. 'That day,' said an inhabitant of Cairo to me, 'the sun rose the color of blood.' The Pacha looked dark and melancholy: but recollecting that he was to preside at one of the most brilliant fetes of the Mussulmans, he assumed a smile which contrasted remarkably with his general appearance. He had addressed the Mamelukes as the 'Elder Sons of the Prophet;' and called upon them, by the peace which subsisted between them, to celebrate with him the departure of his son for the Holy Tomb.

"In the meantime a number of infidel Albanians were concealed upon the ramparts, the towers, and behind the walls of the citadel. The Mamelukes arrived with the stiffest confidence, and the gates were closed upon them. The Pacha had placed himself on the summit of a terrace, seated on a carpet, smoking a magnificent narguelle (Persian pipe), from whence he could see every motion without being seen; behind him were three of his confidential officers. He regarded the scene before with a fixed and terrible look, without speaking a word: the signal was given to fire, and the massacre of the Mamelukes commenced. They were surrounded on every side, and, with their horses, their carriages—all were useless—they were destroyed."

Such of the Mamelukes as escaped the indiscriminate massacre within the walls of the citadel were seized, carried out, and beheaded: and numbers in the towns and villages, on the calumny which had befallen their brethren, being made aware, shared a like fate. The remnant retired to Dongola in Nubia; but they were scattered by Ibrahim Pasha, and from that period the total destruction, or complete subjugation, of the once proud Mamelukes may be dated.

Dr. Hogg thus describes the appearance of the Pasha in the interview which he had with him in 1832:—

"The Pasha was simply dressed, without either embroidery or jewels, and wore a sabre plainly mounted in gold. His stature is rather under the middle size; he does not appear to be more than sixty, is plump and well looking, with dark, restless, piercing eyes, an animated countenance, and a prepossessing manner. He is still fresh and unwrinkled, and although his beard is silvery, it adds only a certain dignity to his aspect, without giving him the appearance of age. His manner of speaking is quick and lively; he laughs often and heartily, and is quite free from that air of solemn dullness so characteristic of the Turks, and probably produced by the narcotic fumes they perpetually inhale."

The following spirited war-song appeared in Blackwood's Magazine, a short time after the destruction of the Mamelukes in Egypt. Its predictions have not been verified—the sanguinary act of the Sultan has terminated the existence of that turbulent and dangerous soldiery forever—but the poem loses nothing of its characteristic energy and beauty:

Have they fled down the night?—By sea and by shore
Shall my sword be a watchword and terror no more?
Shall the eagle have carried from her throne in the air?
And the fox find a home in the grim lion's lair?
Have they fled down the night?—the curtain of shroud
Receives when the sun poured forth light's flood—
The swarthiest of empires—the noblest of the far-east—
The clearest sky between the land of the sun
Our name is a watch, and our sabres are rods—
Our home is a serpent's nest, ours is dread—
And nation shall its tenets gleam forth in the sea,
And nation shall the flash of our sabres be seen
Again shall the name of our Sun be adored,
Again shall the crescent be stronger and true
Again shall our banner grow pale with affright
At the sword and the shaft of the brave Mameluke.
For a tyrannous a time over the tyrant portal
His ensigns and his Pasha-tails in shall quiver
The line that now Sin-ai is raised from the flame—
We have seen an almighty Widow-hail spell yet be time
The warriors of upon—our fleet shall rule the land
With Ocean and Azrael—the deathless though dead
Are they destined to pass like the sunbeam of Spring?
They come on the winds, and they crush in the sting
Of the Prophet! the nation of the Exodus shall stop
The stars from the crimson lake hail—dust shall drop
Her hair in the fountain—the lion's tooth be in the
The carnivore in and the unfettered as remain
Who wears thee, sweet Mahound! thy horn is at hand
Thy sword sharpened the lance—thou hast handed
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